

COUNTRY LIFE

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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance.

"Realising the War."

IN another part of the paper Mr. Lovat Fraser, discussing the future of Constantinople, writes about the Dardanelles with a sobriety that contrasts rather sharply with those who are saying airily that the Turks are packing up to go away, and for the remainder of the expedition it is possible that our people may have a walk over. Evidently our contributor, who is an authority on the subject, holds no such pleasant views. He does not represent it as impossible, but thinks the Turks will probably be able to offer a more formidable resistance than is commonly supposed. He also points out that the new guns can blow away a hill top, or they can destroy a magazine or the battery of a fort; but they cannot effectively dispose of the Turkish troops which by this time are swarming on both sides of the Dardanelles. In fact, no more difficult operation has been undertaken since the war began. The difficulty lies in making the population of this country realise that this is the case. We might apply the very same remark to the operations in the West of Europe.

Last week the British were enabled to occupy Neuve Chapelle and a few points beyond it by an act of very great

dash and valour. The soldiers came back singing, as well they might after such a satisfactory action; but there is a difference between this and assuming, as some of our stay-at-homes very jauntily assume, that we have only to wait till the days are longer to see the Germans in full retreat from North France and Belgium. This is an entirely wrong spirit. Lord Kitchener's weighty and serious appeal should be laid to heart. A very heavy, and in all probability a very costly, task still remains to be begun by the British Army. It cannot be said that any action which has taken place is anything more than the merest preliminary to what may be expected. The Germans may be pushed back. We hope and trust that they will. But to take any considerable number of trenches from a foe so tenacious as they are will involve a loss of life which it is painful to think about. Nevertheless, there are not only many people in this country, but many sections of people, who have not yet risen to the consciousness that it will require the concentrated energy of a nation that acts as one to clear out the foe.

If they but thought of it, the German occupation of a part of France and Belgium is to Britain an affront under which she cannot afford to sit. The only possible method of viewing our Allies is that an invasion of their territory is the same to us as an invasion of our own. Either we are brothers in arms, bound to one another by the most vital interests and ready to fight each in the other's quarrels, or the alliance is only a paper one, and worth very little at that. Sometimes it has been argued in the newspapers that because our territory is uninvaded we can afford a frivolity that would be unbecoming in France or Belgium, whose soil is under the heel of the Teuton. "Nothing of the kind," is our answer. It would be the most selfish attitude to assume that we could permit ourselves the slightest relaxation on the ground of an immunity not shared by our Continental Allies. Lord Kitchener's serious anxiety ought to make the most frivolous pause. Our sea boundary is a great heritage, yet, nevertheless, if British soil has not been held by the enemy, an equivalent in British shipping has been destroyed and the blood of many of our sailors has been spilt. We do not, like the Germans, try to engender bad feeling by the composition and issue of a Song of Hate, but we urge most strenuously that everybody in this country should subordinate all interests and all other duties to the paramount duty of overcoming the enemy. It can only be done by the participation of all the inhabitants of these islands. The fighters are doing their part in the trenches and in the ranks, and we hope they will continue to do so with increasing zeal and efficiency.

Those who do not go to the front can, nevertheless, give their co-operation also, and they not only can, but must. France has realised the war, first, because the memory of 1870 has not yet faded from her mind, and, second, because she has felt the iron heel of the barbarous Teuton. Belgium has writhed under the tortures of war in its foulest shape. This has not been brought home to us so terribly as it has to our Allies, and we read to our shame that the rustics in the North of England answered with jeers when the recruiting sergeant approached them at their annual hiring market.

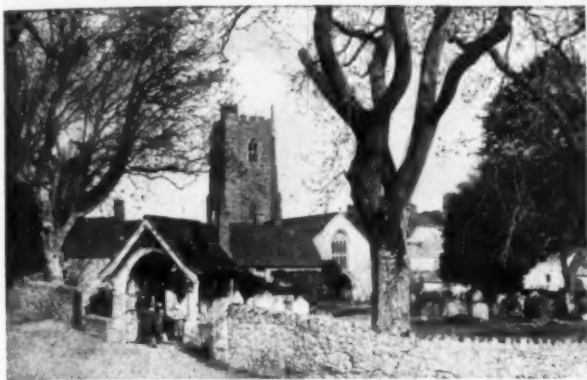
To overcome callousness of this sort may be a very difficult task, but it is callousness not confined to one class. There are many others who have studied the war simply to see what they could make out of it, who have only a selfish interest in its outcome. There are others, again, who are able to go about their business as usual, to follow sport as usual, and to seek pleasure as usual. But in these days nothing is usual. Everything is presenting itself under a new guise. Under such circumstances it is time to summon every energy and every determination in order to make the power of the Empire that mighty force which it ought to be.

Our Frontispiece.

OUR portrait is of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles, formerly Miss Joan Balfour, daughter of Lady Francis and the late Col. Eustace Balfour and niece of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, whose marriage took place on March 11th.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



IN the further instalment of letters on the "Bread or Meat" question which we publish this week, what to many people will appear the most novel and innovating proposition is that put forward by Mr. Arthur W. Sutton and Messrs. Carter and Co., the seedsmen. We need not recall the fact that in the older traditions of British farming permanent pasture was regarded as something sacred. Our greatly valued correspondent, Mr. Granville Lloyd-Baker, expressed a very widely held view when he wrote that it was easy to plough up pasture, but it could not be replaced "except by considerable expense and after twenty or thirty years." There are few farmers in this country who would not endorse this view. Yet it is subjected to a direct challenge on the part of the seedsmen. A great deal of work with a bearing on permanent pasture has been done for the sake of sport. A very large number of new golf clubs started in almost every district of the kingdom has stimulated seedsmen to apply their ingenuity to the production of a hard, close turf in a relatively brief space of time. The facts cited by our correspondents may well astonish farmers. Hard turf has been produced in seven months, and at Sandy Lodge a bare sandy waste was turned into a fine golfing turf in the space of five months. What has been done for golf can be done for agriculture. The contention of Messrs. Carter and Sons is that they can "make a grass meadow or firm pasture that will carry and fatten a couple of bullocks per acre without any other food, or produce two tons of hay within three years from the time of sowing."

OBVIOUSLY, if this contention can be made good and the expense is not too great, the question of how to deal with the very poor pasturages is solved. No farmer would hesitate to plough up such grass lands for the purpose of increasing the wheat supply, or, what is equally important, increasing the winter feed of cattle, if he were convinced that it could be replaced by greatly improved pasture within so reasonable a period as is indicated. Moreover, it would almost seem as though this course had been adopted to a very large extent already. "We have never before experienced such an immense sale for our seed wheats as we have this season, and we could have sold many times the amount of stock we had," say the Messrs. Carter. In the sketch given of the necessary operations, nothing heroic or miraculous is hinted at, but only intelligent cultivation by men who have thought the matter out beforehand. The land must be cleaned and well prepared beforehand, and the grass must be very thickly sown. It sounds delightfully simple, and there is no doubt of the success that has been attained in making turf for lawns and golf greens. As we have already said, the only question really remaining is whether the expense involved would leave to the farmer the necessary margin of profit.

SIR RIDER HAGGARD'S article in the *Times* on the Land is a very depressing document. In no direction does he point out grounds for hope. His dairy farm, on which he keeps seventy cows, yields so small a margin of profit that "if the labour bill is much further increased, greatly as I should regret it, the business must end so far as I am concerned, that is, unless the price of milk rises in proportion." Women, he says, would rather starve than work on the land. But this is contradicted by the newspaper reports that in the recent hirings a fair supply of women has been forthcoming ready to work at 12s. or 13s. a week; and they do not confine themselves to tending poultry or milking cows, but take an

active part in the general work of the farm. Indeed, a gang of Northumbrian women could, at a pinch, work a farm by themselves. He does not take any optimistic view about the early closing of the war, but believes the hour to be coming when we shall need every pickle of corn and every ounce of meat that we can obtain.

WE do not think this pessimism is justifiable. Sir Rider Haggard is perfectly right in hinting, as he does, that during the long thirty years' depression when profits were so greatly reduced, English farmers got into a way of cultivating cheaply. The prices realised did not justify them in expending labour and capital. The result was that other nations which previously had been led by Great Britain, got in front of her and were able to show a larger production of wheat per acre and also a larger production of fat stock. They did this chiefly by bringing science to bear on their craft of husbandry. For one thing, they learned to make far more use of artificial manures than Great Britain had done. They were not content to have land lying in poor pasture which "would scarcely hide a lark," but with strenuous energy they have striven to improve the soil and increase the yield, with the result as aforesaid. For English farmers the excuse of the long depression no longer holds good, and we believe that now, when the call is made upon them, they with characteristic resolution will set about increasing the productiveness of the land.

SCOTTISH NURSES IN SERBIA.

Their eager, helpful hands, their love and lore
Eastward they carried to War's frowning keep:
Fever, War's daughter, met them at the door,
And kissed them to their sleep.

O, sometimes she is tender when she slays!
Haply she lent them, through her drifting dreams,
Loved voices, Scotland's primrose-blazoned braes,
Cool songs of homeland streams.

Death takes his toll—the young, the bright, the brave—
Europe's proud nations in his net lie snared:
But *these* hands—weaponed not to smite but save—
How ill can these be spared!

AGNES S. FALCONER.

LANDOWNERS throughout the country will welcome the appointment of three commissioners to assess compensation under the Defence of the Realm Acts. The names are very satisfactory. A chairman has been found in Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., the Conservative Member for Exeter. Sir James Woodhouse was formerly Liberal Member for Huddersfield, and in 1906 was appointed a railway commissioner. The third commissioner is Sir Matthew Wallace, an ex-President of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture and an eminent agricultural authority. The terms of reference are that they are to determine what sums are to be paid "in respect of direct or substantial loss incurred or damage sustained by them by reason of interference with their property or business in the United Kingdom through the exercise by the Crown of its rights and duties under the Defence of the Realm Acts." Those chiefly affected will be such as have had their land dug up to make trenches or interfered with by military operations or by the erection or demolition of buildings.

IN the *Times* of the 16th there appeared a paragraph on Estates and War Values which is of very great interest to those who own either landed property or stocks and shares. In the case of death the latter have often to be realised at far below their true value, and it is an experience common to all those who incurred debt before the war, on the strength of what were then unquestionable securities, that if an attempt is made to realise them, heavy loss is incurred. The suggestion that a combination or union might be formed for the purpose of nursing such securities through the depression caused by the war is well worth considering. It is stated by several correspondents that Somerset House is insisting on securities being valued for death duties at the prices quoted last July or at the arbitrary minimum prices now fixed for the Stock Exchange. This proceeding does not appear to us warrantable unless accompanied by a scheme of nursing such as we have indicated.

AS our readers know, we yield place to none in our interest in all matters connected with horses and horse breeding, which have always been one of the main features of COUNTRY LIFE. We therefore welcome the decision of the Jockey Club as to the continuance of racing fixtures. The business side of racing, so necessary for the interests of the vast capital invested in British bloodstock, continues—the society side of racing ends. We entirely agree with our excellent contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, "as far as racing is a business which concerns the country and is associated with its permanent interests, it is to continue, while so far as it is a social function, occupied with luncheon parties and fashionable frivolities, it is to cease. When every day serious casualty lists are being published, when almost half of England is in mourning for gallant brothers and sons who have died for the country, it is inconceivable that men and women should make merry as though no grave crisis was confronting them." The Stewards of the Jockey Club were authorised to announce that H.M. the King never had any intention of attending Ascot even if it were held, as now seems somewhat doubtful. No one who has attended a race meeting held since the war could fail to be struck by the absolute change that has come over the spirit of racing; and after the discussion at the Jockey Club meeting all parties will be in substantial agreement as to the course to be pursued.

MR. JOSEPH HOYLAND FOX, who has just passed away at more than the patriarchal fourscore of years, belonged to one of those Quaker families whose members have supplied to industrialism, banking and finance, brain and muscle for a great many generations. He was, we believe, connected by descent with that Fox who was the friend of Sir Francis Drake. It will be remembered, perhaps how Drake, when irritated by the conversation of the pompous Spaniards, to whom the word Lutheran was an abomination, used to take out Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and gaze with fascinated attention on the pictures of men and women under torture. The ways of Mr. Hoyland Fox, like those of Friends generally, were paths of peace. He entered the family business with which the name is most closely associated, at the age of seventeen, so that by the time of his death he had been sixty-five years in it, and he was at work till a couple of days before his death. He was a partner in the well known banking firm of Fox, Fowler and Co. His conspicuous business ability was known throughout the world; not so well known were his unwearying efforts to improve the condition of the poor generally and of his own workmen in particular. For that purpose he instituted a scheme of pensions and compulsory insurance long before the name of Mr. Lloyd George was associated with this movement. His creed obliged him to be against the war, and yet he recognised its inevitability. As an example of his scrupulous conscientiousness, it may be mentioned that, although his firm supplied the soldiers with the puttees for which it is famous, he laid aside the profits for charity.

AN example has been set by the Athenæum Club which we hope will be followed in other institutions of the same kind. This is to substitute women for men waiters. It is all to the credit of the clubs that since they have been, practically speaking, depleted of their old staffs the most efficient of the men joined the various Territorial Associations to which they were attached at the outbreak of the war. Very soon after that there was a dismissal of German waiters from a large number of hotels and a consequent increase in the demand for English waiters. It was difficult to procure them, and probably the staff of nearly every club in London has to some extent deteriorated owing to the best of the men going to serve their country and not being replaced with equally good club servants. Waiting, however, is an occupation involving no hard physical work, and is peculiarly fitted for women. There is no reason why "the neat-handed Phyllis" should not be again introduced even to those clubs whose members are exclusively male. When waiters are really necessary, at least in a time of war, they can be easily dispensed with and the vacancies filled by women.

THERE is every reason to believe that great and beneficial results will flow from the formation of the Russian Society, which was formally brought into being at a meeting in the Speaker's House last week. The numbers who attended testified to the new interest that has been aroused in our great Ally. No one can be blind to the need for an association that will help to explain the one country to the other. The

Russian language and literature are not known in Great Britain as much as they deserve, and of the men who are leading the Russians this country is profoundly ignorant. Yet it may prove of the utmost importance to the confidence and peace of the rest of the world that Russia and Great Britain should come to understand one another perfectly. After the war there is every probability that they will stand out as the two greatest Empires in existence—Russia the greatest Power existing on vast territories which the sea does not divide, and Great Britain the highest sea Power in the world. In co-operation they could prevent the recurrence of any war such as the present, with its wasteful outlay of treasure and far more precious human blood.

PROFESSOR J. B. FARMER'S report on tree planting in London ought to obviate the discussions that occur with irritating frequency upon this point. He shows once and for all that the trees most suitable for planting are the plane, the tree of Heaven, the Jersey elm and the Lombardy poplar. In the second rank, that is to say among trees that may do well but are not certain in the streets, he puts the lime, the single-leaved ash, Bolle's poplar and the pink hybrid chestnut. Their chances are bettered by the improved condition of the London atmosphere within recent years. This is so marked as to encourage the experiment with various trees previously regarded as hopeless for this purpose. The plane retains its superiority as the tree which best suits town life. Pruning, even the hardest cutting back, seldom injures it. Professor Farmer thinks the streets most suitable for trees are those which run north and south, as the trees on both sides receive an equal share of sunlight. In streets running east and west the trees are apt to become a nuisance to the people who live on the north facing side.

TO MY CALENDAR.

I credit every word you say
Concerning postal regulations;
With phases of the moon and such
You seem to be in perfect touch;
And doubtless each Bank Holiday
Will tally with your observations.

I have no impulse to deride
Knowledge served up in such small pieces;
If your remarks are rather short,
They are at least of every sort;
I love to hear when Spurgeon died,
And when the fire insurance ceases.

But there's a point at which I jib,
My childlike faith in you unpinning:
"March 21" and "Spring begins"—
That is a game she always wins!
Spring shall as ever come *ad lib.*,
And we find each our own beginning!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

EVERYONE, we imagine, must regret and at the same time must acknowledge as entirely proper the decision that there shall be no Eton and Harrow match at Lord's this year. There can be no objection to the boys playing cricket, since they are as yet too young to serve their country as soldiers. Several who would in normal circumstances have been playing in the match this summer have left before their time to take commissions, and there are probably no two places in England that have given more prodigally of their best than Eton and Harrow. But this match is not only a cricket match, but also a social function on a large scale, and so would be entirely inappropriate in such times as the present. It has been suggested that the match should take place, not at Lord's, but either at Eton or at Harrow. It appears, however, that this is not likely to be done. The Eton and Winchester match is, of course, played in alternate years on one of the two school grounds, and is eagerly looked forward to by many Old Boys as providing two of the most friendly and delightful days of the whole summer. But Eton against Harrow under such conditions would not be the same thing. It is so indissolubly connected with Lord's that it might not bear transplantation. Moreover, there might be a little difficulty in deciding which school should have the advantage of being at home, in what we all hope may be this one exceptional year. Probably, therefore, the decision to have no match at all is the wisest that could be arrived at.

THE FUTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Lovat Fraser.

THAT Constantinople will fall at no distant date, and that it is not too soon to begin to discuss its probable future, may now be regarded as practically certain. Constantinople was doomed from the moment the Turk most unwisely allowed himself to be prodded into war against the Allies. At the same time, it must not be supposed that the passage of the Dardanelles will ever be entirely gained without paying a very heavy price. Had the Straits been held by a race completely efficient in modern warfare, it is possible that their capture by direct attack would never have been attempted. Even as it is, the Turks will probably be able to offer a more formidable resistance than is commonly supposed. They are reputed to have in and around Constantinople and the Sea of Marmora forces which have been estimated as very nearly approaching a quarter of a million men. The warships of the Allies can slowly batter the forts until they are silenced, but they cannot occupy them. Their work must be completed by troops, who will have to be landed in very large numbers, and we may take it for granted that possession of the Gallipoli Peninsula, to say nothing of the Asiatic side of the Straits, will only be acquired after serious and costly fighting. All that has been done up till now is mainly preliminary. The imagination of the public has been carried away by the big guns of the Queen Elizabeth. The new guns can blow away a hilltop, or they can destroy a magazine or wreck a battery in a fort, but they cannot effectually dispose of the Turkish troops, which by this time are probably swarming on both sides of the Dardanelles. No more serious nor more difficult operation has been undertaken since the war began.

When the Dardanelles have been burst open and the Gallipoli Peninsula has been won, the difficulties of the Allies will not be at an end. Too much importance need not be attached to the stories that the Turks are planting big guns on the island of Marmora, and also on the Prince's Islands near the entrance to the Bosphorus. No reports can be depended upon except the official statements; but in any case the islands command no very effective range, and new batteries upon them can be disposed of. The warships can dominate the city, but the old difficulty of the forts will arise again in a graver form. It is not at all easy effectively to occupy a city of a million souls.

The wisest men in Bulgaria were very much opposed to the proposed entry of their army into Constantinople, even if the Chatalja lines had been forced. No doubt this problem will also be solved, but it should not be thought that all trouble will be over when the warships steam within sight of the minarets of Sultan Suleiman's mosque. Many people who know the Turk well believe that when the Straits have been won he will endeavour to make peace, in the hope of saving his capital. Such a proposal may possibly be made, but it should also be remembered that the Turk does most unexpected things. In endeavouring to consider what he will do in any given circumstances you should first tabulate all the wise and prudent courses which a Western man might adopt in such a case. You may then set all these solutions aside and rest assured that the Turk will do something quite different.

The decision does not rest with the Turk at all. Whatever may be the future of Constantinople, he will have to leave Europe for ever. The Allies are unquestionably united in their determination that the Ottoman race must return to those tablelands of Asia Minor whence it came. There will be no permanent peace in Eastern Europe while the Turk remains. Whether his departure will promote the advent of peace is quite another matter. The most popular scheme for the disposal of Constantinople is that the city, as well as the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, should be neutralised and left unfortified. Stamboul, we are told, should be "a free city," under the guarantee of all the Powers victorious in the war. The scheme is an ideal one, but, despite precedents elsewhere, it may be gravely doubted whether it is practicable. The atmosphere of the Golden Horn has never been, and will never be, the atmosphere of freedom in the sense implied. The cosmopolitan populace of Constantinople needs strong control. Moreover, guarantees did not save Belgium from attack. If the city and the waterways were left undefended they would be a constant invitation

to fresh aggression. The proposal for neutralisation will be very strongly pressed, but it is not likely to obtain a serious hearing from any of the Governments who will have a voice in the settlement.

The next solution submitted is that Constantinople should be handed over to one of the Balkan States. Only two claimants are indicated, Bulgaria and Greece. It is very much open to question whether the Bulgarians have any real desire to go to Constantinople. They are a race of shrewd and sturdy peasants, and they know very well that in the environment of Stamboul the national characteristics which are the real secret of their strength would rapidly deteriorate. They were, on the whole, far too severely punished at the settlement after the last Balkan War. They want to get Adrianople back, and certain portions of Macedonia which were obtained by Serbia to her own ultimate sorrow. They want other places which may or may not fall to their lot. Their chief desire regarding Constantinople is that the Greeks should not have it.

The Greeks cherish very different aspirations. Their fondest dream is the revival of the old Greek Empire in a modern guise. They wish to see King Constantine reigning in Constantinople. It is this dream, skilfully encouraged by influence from without, which has led to the temporary downfall of M. Venizelos. The step Greece has taken is a false one. Whether she retraces it or not, these "dreams of a dead past which cannot die" will never be realised afresh. Greece can never hold Byzantium and live. Her future lies in the Ægean and on the mainland of Asia Minor.

The city of Smyrna, whose defences British warships have been bombarding, is in the true line of Greek expansion. The population of Smyrna is already half Greek, and includes tens of thousands of people who are Greek subjects. Smyrna was Greek when the Ottoman Turks were a small band of nomadic horsemen. The Greeks have given Smyrna such prosperity as it enjoys to-day, and none can stand beside the ruined castle on Mount Pagus, and look upon the city spread out below, without feeling that it would be a splendid heritage. For the moment Greece is grasping at a shadow, and it has still to be seen whether she will change her mind before it is too late.

There remains Russia. It is being said that Russia would be wise in her own interests to keep out of Constantinople. Many scribes are busy explaining to Russia that if she comes to the Bosphorus she will be creating for herself new and immeasurable dangers. It may be so, but Russia is injured to dangers, and it is an undoubted fact that at present she wants Constantinople. If she wants it she will probably get it.

Russia is a giant held fast in bonds. Just now she is more beleaguered than Germany. The Baltic and the Black Sea are closed to her. Archangel is icebound, and at best is served by an inadequate railway. Vladivostok is almost useless for her requirements. The Czar has said that he will not sheathe the sword until the soil of Russia is freed from the invader. It is equally certain that he will not now sheathe it until he has acquired that passage to the open sea, under his own control, which is his empire's greatest need. There is only one way out which will serve Russia, and it lies through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles.

From the moment the bribed conspirators who control Turkish policy flung their wanton challenge in the face of the Allies it became inevitable that the war would not end until Russia had obtained free and unrestricted entry into the Mediterranean. Whether that right of entry will include the possession of Constantinople is another matter. If it be conceded that the waterways will not be left undefended, then it is a foregone conclusion that the Russian eagles will fly in the Golden Horn.

The prospect implies many new considerations which cannot be here expounded. It raises great and intricate questions of naval policy, and it upsets theories which have crystallised into political principles. The purpose of this article is not political, but explanatory. It is an attempt to consider what is likely to happen to Constantinople, and not to propound ideas about what ought to happen to it. Unless the judgment of most experts is at fault, the end of the war will find Russia seated permanently at the Turkish capital.

The Turks have a saying that the Cross will be raised once more over St. Sophia. The Russian peasants are said

to dream of the day when the great cathedral of their Church will be once more a Christian tabernacle, though it is probable that their thoughts turn far more readily to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. If the godless infidels who now hold power in Turkey have their way, the Allies may enter Constantinople only to find the building a heap of ruins. St. Sophia, it may be noted, is by no means the most prominent building in Stamboul. The mighty dome and minarets which are the central feature of every picture of the Golden Horn belong to the great mosque of Sultan Suleiman.

That Russia would ever change her capital from the Neva to the Bosphorus is inconceivable. The heart and the strength of Russia lie in the hard and bitter North, in a climate that breeds men and does not sap their vigour.

No race which made Constantinople its central home has ever prospered long. Held as a great outpost, it may bring power, but it contains the seeds of decay, and is best dominated from a distance. Should it pass to Russia the change will mean that for the first time in history the vast Slav races, whose future contains such tremendous possibilities, will be on the open sea.

One wonders what will follow their advent to warm blue water. The Slavs are the only great race which has never yet truly found the secret of the sea. The salt is not in their blood, and the steppe may still draw them rather than the ocean. The sea is the cradle of islanders alone, and instincts developed through thousands of years of roaming over the great plains of Eastern Europe and Asia will not be altered because the Russians replace the Turks at Constantinople.

ANTARCTIC ANIMALS.

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON, in his account of the Australian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-14, has produced one of the best written and most beautiful works relating to Polar travel. "The Home of the

he seems to have had more than enough of it at the time. He was what is vulgarly known as "fed up" with its trials and hardships.

But time awakened the old emotions, "the stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole" began to call him back, and that was the true origin of the adventure. The definite objects kept in view were to map and chart as much as possible of the great Antarctic Continent and to make certain scientific studies relating to its atmosphere, biology, physical characteristics and so on. These objects caused him to make many long and dangerous sledge journeys in which more than once he confronted the tragic fate that has swept away so many explorers.



A BULL SEA ELEPHANT IN A FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

Blizzard" (Heinemann) is written in a vivid, graphic style, without any distracting attempt at fine effect, and yet never descending into the trivialities and commonplaces which render a good deal of this kind of literature very hard reading. The object of the expedition was, comparatively speaking, modest. The glamour of the Antarctic had been thrown over Sir Douglas Mawson during the Shackleton Expedition of 1907-9. As usually happens in such cases,



THE HEAD OF A SEA LEOPARD SHOWING FIGHT.



THE AURORA IN COMMONWEALTH BAY: THE RISING PLATEAU OF ADELIE LAND IN THE DISTANCE.

In this first article we propose to show the extraordinary interest of the natural history notes in the book, and by the courtesy of the publisher we are enabled to reproduce some of the unusually fine photographs with which they are illustrated. The natural history of the mammals of the Antarctic regions is known only to a few and is familiar to nobody, because observation must necessarily be restricted. The novelty, therefore, as well as the merit of the pictures, must delight every open-air reader.

Take, for example, the bull sea-elephant in a fighting attitude, which we have placed first. This bull is caught in his most aggressive attitude. It has been stated that these animals are nearly extinct, but our author says that thousands of them are to be seen at Macquarie Island during the breeding season. Each of the great bulls has his harem, which is always an object of envy to the unattached bulls. They lie round at a little distance from the cows, and should any cow wish to desert her pup or leave the rookery, one of them grips her firmly with his powerful flipper and stays her progress.

The disturbance quickly brings the lord of the harem to the rescue, and the intruder decamps. The author says:

"I have never seen two bulls fight without first indulging in the usual preliminaries, that is, roaring and advancing a few yards and repeating the performance till within striking distance. Then both animals rear high up, supporting themselves on the lower part of the body, and lunge savagely with their whole weight each at his opponent's head or neck, tearing the thick skin with their teeth and causing the blood to flow freely." The sea leopard, which is also shown in a fighting attitude, is a creature of very different habits.

They frequent the Macquarie Islands in great numbers from late winter to early summer, when they lie about sleeping close to the water and looking very tired. The young appear to be born at sea. They do not herd together like sea elephants and seals, but, should several be found on a small gravelly patch of beach, they keep as widely asunder as they can. Yet the long lithe creatures, though they do not fight on the shore, must do so at sea, since when caught they are often covered with gaping wounds and scars. When one is disturbed on shore it opens its mouth very wide, revealing a wicked-looking row of teeth in either jaw. They live on penguins, gulls, shags and fish. The Weddell seals asleep



FINNER WHALES OF THE SOUTH.

on pancake ice is a picture that brings vividly before us the character of that country which the author properly calls "the Home of the Blizzard." What it means we who stay at home can scarcely realise, although little incidents narrated here are extremely eloquent. Even the dogs were miserable in high winds unless they were in some sort of shelter.

When Hurley ventured out with his cinematograph camera for the purpose of taking a film to show the clouds of drift snow whirling past, the only way that they could get him and his bulky camera back to the hut was for his friends to form a scrum on the windward side and with a strong forward rush beat their formidable opponent, as the wind on this occasion was very properly described.

The Antarctic vegetation, although modest in quantity is extremely interesting. We must for the moment pass it by, however, in order to give a few words to the strong human interest which is a feature of the book. One of the most thrilling episodes was the author's return alone from the exploration of George V Land. It was a tragic moment when one of his companions, Mr. Ninnis, dropped into a crevasse. The story is told with



KERGUELEN CABBAGE.



A COW SEA ELEPHANT AND PUP.



WEDDELL SEALS ASLEEP ON PANCAKE ICE.

(Illustrations from the "Home of the Blizzard" by Sir Douglas Mawson (London: Heinemann).)

great restraint, but we can only quote the ending of it: "For three hours we called unceasingly, but no answering sound came back. The dog had ceased to moan and lay without a movement. A chill draught was blowing out of the abyss." Dr. Mertz was the only companion left, but he grew weaker day by day and finally began to have fits and talk deliriously, which he did till midnight, when he appeared to fall off into a peaceful slumber: "So I toggled up the sleeping-bag and retired worn out into my own. After a couple of hours, having felt no movement from my companion, I stretched out an arm and found that he was stiff."

Thus he was left alone in the wild with no friend except his own stout heart. He needed his courage, for on one occasion he fell down a crevasse and only got out by a last tremendous effort.

The sensations experienced by such a man before death are of extraordinary interest. "I hung with the firm conviction that all was over except the passing. Below was a black chasm; it would be but the work of a moment to slip from the harness, then all the pain and toil would be over. It was a rare situation, a rare temptation—a chance to quit small things for great—to

pass from the petty exploration of a planet to the contemplation of vaster worlds beyond. But there was all eternity for the last and, at its longest, the present would be but short. I felt better for the thought. My strength was fast ebbing: in a few minutes it would be too late. It was the occasion for a supreme attempt. New power seemed to come as I addressed myself to one last tremendous effort."

Bread or Meat.

Which Does Britain Need Most?

OUR letters on the Bread or Meat discussion continue to throw a strong light on what is possible for British agriculture. Messrs. Carter and Co. write an important letter to show that permanent pasture or its equivalent can be formed within the course of a very few years, and that of a kind which is sufficient to fatten two bullocks annually or yield two tons of hay. This letter comes into direct conflict with the experience of the older generation of farmers. The knowledge, in fact, has been obtained from the experience gained in making golf greens, tennis courts, cricket pitches and other kinds of turf for sporting purposes. That is no reason why it should not be applied to husbandry. A correspondent to whose letter attention should be paid is Mr. Walter Tisdale of Northallerton, who warns the public that they can only indulge their taste for veal at the country's expense. It is uneconomical to slaughter calves to produce veal, and although dairy farmers are reluctant to keep and rear young stock, it is very desirable that during April and May the customary sacrifice of calves should be stopped. They might easily be fed on the surplus milk during those months when it is so plentiful. Mr. Bailey Hawkins further emphasises the fact that we are suffering from a shortage of young stock. A word must also be said about the letter, excellent in its conservatism and prudence, of Sir Jeremiah Colman. His warning should not pass unheeded.

PERMANENT PASTURE—MODERN METHODS FOR PRESERVING IT.

SIR,—We are glad to see that the question of corn *versus* meat production is being discussed in your popular journal, as there appears to be a disposition on the part of some authorities to advise large increase of the corn acreages without sufficient regard being paid to any decrease of our live stock or meat supply. As seed merchants we can hardly offer an opinion on this important question, though in justification of agriculturists we must say that they are patriotically doing their duty to the country by breaking up pasture in order to increase the wheat acreage. That this is being done is proved by the fact that we have never before experienced such an immense sale for our seed wheats as we have this season, and we could have sold many times the amount of stock we had.

Our object, however, in writing is to point out that a wrong impression might probably be caused by a statement in the letter of Mr. Granville Lloyd Baker, in which he mentions that "it is easy to plough up pastures with good results . . . but that land cannot be again made good pasture except by considerable expense and after twenty or thirty years."

While we quite agree with Mr. Lloyd Baker that it is important not to reduce our stock of cattle in any way, yet we fear that he cannot have been brought into touch with the more modern methods of turf and pasture production as initiated by the leading seed houses in this country during recent years, for it is an undoubted fact that a pasture can now be made in a very few years' time, and we contend that it is possible to make a close meadow or firm pasture that will carry and fatten a couple of bullocks per acre without any other food, or produce two tons of hay within three years from the time of sowing, and this has been, and is being, done in actual agricultural practice. It is obvious that in appearance a newly formed pasture will not resemble that which has been down a hundred or more years, but the actual value of a pasture or meadow is not the time it has been laid down, but the amount of stock per acre it will carry or fatten or the amount of hay it will produce, and this fact is one to which we attach the chief importance when prescribing our mixtures of grass seeds adapted for various soils and requirements.

While it is admitted that before the days of scientific and thinking seed merchants pastures did take many years to produce, the greater skill and experience now shown in the preparation of various mixtures of grasses adapted for various soils, besides the use of more efficient tillage implements, artificial manures, etc., has had the effect of considerably shortening the time required to form a turf. The practice now of laying down temporary pastures of five or six years' duration is commonly adopted, and these temporary pastures not only prove exceedingly profitable, but as they are largely composed of the more permanent meadow grasses, they can, if occasion arises, be left down for an indefinite period after a slight renovating treatment. The botanical composition of these temporary pastures, in most cases, will be found to vary but little from that of a permanent meadow, especially in the later stage of their duration.

We have for some years past made the rapid production of turf a special study, and were, in fact, the pioneers of this practice, having made not only the first golf course ever sown from seed, but produced turf in the record time of seven months. While, of course, the necessity for such rapid turf production as we are producing on various golf courses (such as at Sandy Lodge, when we turned a bare, sandy waste into a fine, close golfing turf in the short space of five months) is not so much required in agriculture, it is, nevertheless, equally possible to produce a strong turf suitable for grazing a flock of sheep or a dairy herd in a few seasons.

The three important factors which ensure these results are—a proper preparation of the ground, the sowing of a suitable prescription of various

grasses in proper proportion in accordance with the geological formation, and a sufficiency of seed to cover the ground with grass plants. If due consideration is given to each of these, there is no reason why a pasture should not be produced in one-fifth or less of the time Mr. Lloyd Baker mentions.

While we attach considerable importance to the preparation of the prescription, the rate of sowing is, in our opinion, the most important when time has to be taken into the question; and the agriculturist seldom realises the advantages that accrue from a very heavy seeding in forming a layer or permanent pasture.

It is apparent that a seeding of 40lb. per acre for permanent pasture will take longer to form a turf than when the grass seed is sown at the rate of ten to twelve bushels per acre, such as is done on a golf course or other grassland where it is necessary to produce a strong turf ready for use in a few months. This fact should thus be made clear, that in producing any kind of turf from grass seed the time taken to form the turf is almost in direct inverse ratio to the amount of seed sown; in other words, double the amount of seed will shorten the time by half, local conditions of soil, cultivation, etc., being equal.

We apologise for the length of this letter, but we feel that if the statement as to the time required to form a pasture, coming as it does from such an authoritative writer as Mr. Granville Lloyd Baker, is left to go unchallenged in the light of modern practice, it might possibly deter some farmers from breaking up grassland in order to increase the country's supply of arable crops, which results are quite apart from the question of meat supply.—JAMES CARTER AND CO., RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.

THE VIEW OF MR. ARTHUR W. SUTTON.

SIR,—I have been much interested in the very able article by Mr. J. Cleghorn, entitled "Bread or Meat," which appeared in your issue of March 6th. I should not, however, have troubled you with any remarks of my own, recognising that Mr. Cleghorn's arguments are beyond criticism, but that this week Mr. Granville E. Lloyd Baker states that land which has been broken up from permanent grass cannot again be made good pasture except at considerable expense and after twenty or thirty years. Mr. Lloyd Baker is so well known an authority that I should hesitate to offer an opinion in any way opposed to his own unless there appeared to be good grounds for doing so. I, of course, agree as to the question of cost, because the conversion of arable land into first rate permanent pasture is necessarily an expensive operation if carried out in such a manner as can alone ensure success. But there seems no good reason for supposing it to be more costly to lay down land a second time, after a period of rotation cropping, than it was to make a pasture on the same land in the first instance, and I hardly think Mr. Lloyd Baker wished his remarks to bear that construction.

The statement that land cannot again be made good pasture except "after twenty or thirty years" requires, I think, some slight modification. We all know the old proverb that "A man may destroy a permanent pasture in a day, but it takes a quarter of a century to restore it," and there is the same degree of truth in this as in Mr. Lloyd Baker's conclusion. I submit, however, that in both cases the truth or fallacy of the statement depends entirely upon circumstances. The impression so forcibly embodied in the proverb quoted has become a general one solely because in the old days little or no attention was given to the scientific side of the question, land having been often allowed to go down to grass almost of its own accord with, possibly, the help of sweepings from the hay loft. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that a quarter of a century should elapse before a good pasture resulted. But all this has been changed by the combination of modern science and practice, it being possible now to convert land into pasture within a reasonably short time under judicious management.

It is, I think, inconceivable that land which, after having been down to grass for many years, is broken up, tilled and manured for some seasons, should be incapable of producing grass equal to, or better than, the former pasture. Close fibrous turf is, of course, the characteristic of very old grassland, but such turf in the course of years has come to include many plants besides grasses and clovers. Some of these have gradually taken the place of the better herbage as the latter died out through soil exhaustion or defective drainage. Moreover, different grasses derive their nourishment at different levels in the soil, and even the deepest rooting varieties will after a time find insufficient sustenance on the poorer classes of soil unless liberally top dressed.

When, on the other hand, old pastures are broken up, put through a course of rotation crops and laid down again, all the desirable grasses and clovers have an equal chance to re-establish themselves. The soil in such cases has been aerated and sweetened by tillage, besides being enriched by manuring, while many of the *mauvaises herbes*, as the French designate weeds, will have been destroyed. Consequently, the more valuable permanent grasses have a much better opportunity of developing than was possible in the old pasture. If a typical old pasture were divided into two equal parts, one being kept down while the other was broken up, and put into rotation for a few years, and then resown with good, permanent grass seeds, I do not hesitate to say that the hay crop on the new portion would be at least 50 per cent. better on an average for the next five years than on the old pasture, and the value of the aftermath for grazing would be better also in the same proportion.

But, of course, everything depends upon the composition of the mixture of seeds used in resowing the land. A prescription consisting for the most part of rye grass would give an abundant yield the first year or two, followed

by a period of disappointment, while the meadow foxtail, fescues, poas and other natural grasses, which had been sown too sparingly, were struggling to establish themselves. If, however, a well balanced prescription be used the result is altogether different, though it goes without saying that the condition of any pasture in after years depends very largely upon judicious management in the matters of mowing, grazing and regular manuring. My brother, the late Mr. Martin J. Sutton, in his well known book, "Permanent and Temporary Pastures," dealt exhaustively with the subject of breaking up old grassland, pointing out under what circumstances it is a desirable proceeding and how to obtain from it the best results.

I must apologise for the length of this letter, but the subject is one which has interested me for forty years, and I am convinced that the prejudice against breaking up and resowing land to permanent pasture has arisen solely from the inefficient methods too often employed. To prevent misunderstanding I ought, perhaps, to say that few persons would be so unwise as to recommend the breaking up of the rich, old pastures which are to be found in many of the vales of England or in the better parts of Romney Marsh and in similarly favoured districts. There are, however, many old pastures on poorer soils which have long since ceased to be reasonably productive, and these might well be put into rotation crops for a few years, and then relaid to grass when the price of corn no longer warrants the cost of tillage.—ARTHUR W. SUTTON, Reading.

"FIRST MAKE SURE OF MEAT."

SIR,—I quite coincide with the views you express in your fourth paragraph, that it would be wisest to "first make sure of meat" (as you are aware, at the moment all seeding of wheat is finished for this season, with, perhaps, the exception of a little spring wheat). I might also say, in making sure of meat you would be also ensuring a supply of milk. Many cows have been sacrificed to the butcher owing to the big prices secured from him. A diminished supply of home fed beef would be a greater catastrophe than a diminished supply of home grown wheat. Canada and other countries are sowing greater quantities of wheat; and although other countries can also supply dead meat, live animals on the hoof cannot be imported, consequently a vital factor is the increase of home grown livestock. The article clearly sets forth the advantages to be derived are in favour of meat. I agree fully with the arguments and deductions made. The last paragraph sums up the case fairly clearly and well.—J. J. CRIDLAND, Maismore Park, Gloucester.

MILK THE IDEAL FOOD.

SIR,—Whether a farmer can best serve the Empire by producing grain, meat or milk is a question depending on many points, some of which are entirely outside the province of the farmer. Milk is probably the cheapest article of food that the public can buy, yet, apart from its value for children, it is commonly looked upon as drink and not food, owing to the general lack of knowledge of its food value. How many people are aware that a quart of milk is equal in nutritive value to three-quarters of a pound of lean beef or to eight eggs? I believe that the break up of good pasture would be a national loss. Whether the production of meat or grain is of most value must surely chiefly depend upon what a farmer's land will grow best, and I am of the opinion that each individual farmer can generally be depended upon to grow what will prove to be in the greatest demand, after taking into consideration what his soil will produce. I firmly believe there is greater need to educate the public as to what to consume than to advise the farmer to produce.—WILFRED BUCKLEY, Moundsme Manor, Basingstoke.

NO HEROIC MEASURES REQUIRED.

SIR,—I agree in broad principle with the views set out, that meat must hold a strong position in British farming. There is reason to believe that the great danger of food shipments being cut off from us has passed, and we shall have the advantage of such food supplies as are movable. By next July our military authorities should be in a position to tell us whether the war is to be long prolonged after then, so that the urgency of growing wheat in accordance with war demands or peace requirements will be clearer than it now is. That a considerably increased area can be put to wheat, if preparation is made at the proper time, is undoubted, and with time to arrange, the food supply for animals need not be greatly interfered with. In respect to livestock, however, neither we nor foreign livestock keepers can increase the livestock beyond a certain rate, and as, on the whole, the production of meat is on a scale below demand, livestock must be encouraged. With the advantages of meat production that we enjoy, this country must always maintain a big head of livestock. New countries can develop corn growing at enormously increased pace, since the agricultural motor has come on the land in these countries, and in a very few years the corn supply will be caught up.

So much very foolish and erratic speaking and writing has been put forward since the outbreak of the war that the public mind has been greatly misled as to the position and possibilities. But what the public may accept as certain is that no heroic measures can be enforced to alter the position either now or after the war. Those who count on past exports seem to forget that only a few shillings a quarter for wheat more than has been paid in recent years up to the war would make it possible to grow it on tens of millions of acres abroad where it has not been profitable or from which the first fertility has been taken. Our limits are governed by the power we possess of ploughing and cultivating land. We are short of both horses and men, and therefore cannot immediately make a great increase. Subsequently it will be entirely a matter of profitability or unprofitability as to what is done, and that will, as in the past, rest with the farmer to decide; for the simple fact is, he is the only one who can farm the land. Who else is there to farm it? My opinion is that in the discussions that have taken place the really salient features controlling the position generally are not put forward.—W. J. MALDEN, Etchingham, Sussex.

A WARNING AGAINST SEDUCTIVE THEORY.

SIR,—So limitless and fertile are the broad acres which clothe the earth's surface, so assuredly will economic laws assert themselves, despite the wisdom born of man, that I am not prepared to offer any more heroic contribution to the highly interesting and advantageous enquiry which you have initiated in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE than that it would be well to have a care before discarding *experience* and accepting *seductive theory*, or, prompted by the exigencies of the moment, we plunge into any system of agriculture substantially varying methods of cropping and stocking our farms, which, like a well tried friend, have stood the test of time.—JEREMIAH COLMAN, Gatton Park, Surrey.

THE MOST USEFUL ROTATION.

SIR,—The article on "Bread or Meat" raises a most important question, but the author seems almost to contradict his own general proposition. In the second paragraph he very correctly says that a "permanent increase of arable land carries with it an increased capacity to fatten stock, as well as to yield additional grain crops." This is an incontrovertible fact, but appears nearly always to be overlooked in discussions upon food supply.

In the third paragraph the author of "Bread or Meat" recognises this when he says that there is "too great a tendency to think of it (the question of food) in terms of wheat to the exclusion of other forms of food." Most people seem to forget that when they talk of wheat it implies at least three other crops grown in rotation, all of which are producing food either for human beings or for animals. Although, therefore, it is true that in one year, as Mr. Cleghorn says, a crop of wheat may displace a crop of barley, thus giving no gain, there may be, and probably will be, a gained increase on the rotation.

The mistake that all theorists make is in looking on farming as an affair of one year. But farming is generally an affair of four years, as that is the most useful rotation. Bearing this in mind, if you want to produce more meat you must have more arable land, and it follows automatically that with more arable land you will get, not only a greater production of cereals, but more meat, more milk—in fact, more of everything. It is not even necessary to have a large area of pasture for raising young stock, as is proved by what has happened in Denmark during the last quarter of a century. One of the principal reasons why I so strongly advocate the introduction of the sugar beet industry in this country is that it will encourage a greater area of arable land, and because there is no crop in the world that is so beneficial to the rest of the rotation as a crop of sugar beet if properly cultivated.—A. H. H. MATTHEWS, Central Chamber of Agriculture, 28, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, S.W.

THE SACRIFICE OF CALVES.

SIR,—To my mind it is important to increase the production of bread as much as of meat during the present crisis, and for the majority of agriculturists the latter is an easier problem than the former. In normal times at this period of the year, April and May especially, there are thousands of calves slaughtered. This is due to two causes:

1. The public demand for veal.
2. The disinclination of farmers who sell milk to keep and rear young stock.

Each year during April, May and June, owing to the large number of cows that calve from March on, there is a big surfeit of milk on the market. This milk arrives in the large cities, and many thousands of gallons are wasted by dairymen who cannot find a market for it as whole milk, and who are otherwise unable to deal with it. Some arrangement should be come to between the farmers and dairymen for the utilisation of milk on the farm at such periods. The calves that would ordinarily be slaughtered should be kept and fed on the milk that would otherwise be wasted, and thus more stock could easily be raised.—C. W. WALKER-TISDALE, Northallerton.

INCREASE THE MILK SUPPLY.

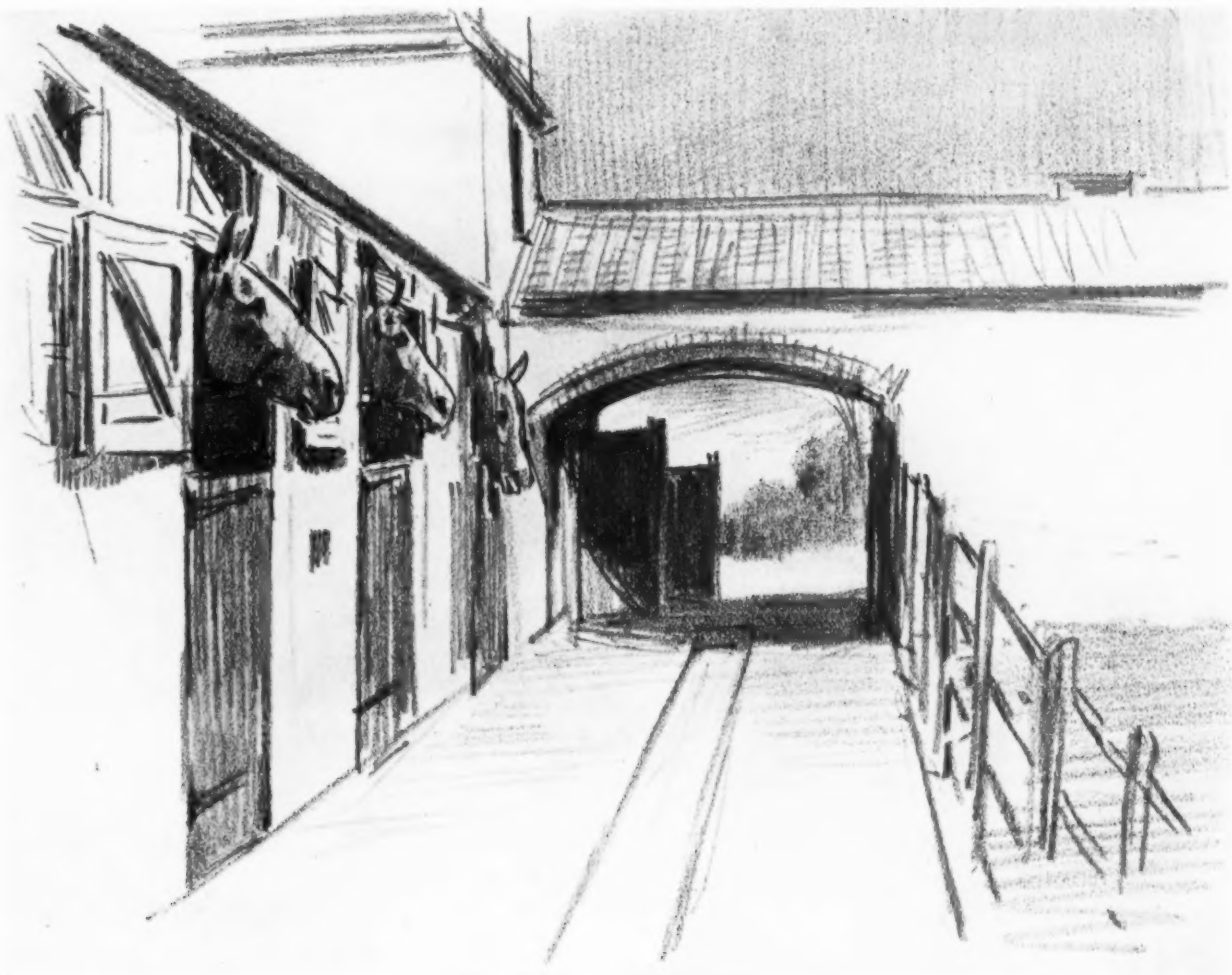
SIR,—I should myself consider it more desirable to increase the supply of livestock in this country rather than corn, and the livestock I would prefer more especially, cattle suitable for the production of milk. This would have the effect of increasing one of the most valuable foods we have, namely, cheese, and at the same time add to the production of beef. It appears to me that, on the whole, it is easier to obtain our supplies of grain and corn from abroad than milk or dairy produce.—G. TITUS BARHAM, Sudbury Park, Wembley, Middlesex.

INCREASE BOTH.

SIR,—I am quite of an opinion that it is possible for the British farmer to increase the area of wheat and also to increase the production of meat at the same time. I think if we carry our minds back to the end of the seventies and the beginning of the eighties, we lost about 5,000,000 acres of arable land laid down to grass; but this did not increase the number of stock in the country, and now the ploughing up of grassland which is laid down—or laid itself down—to grass should decrease the amount of meat produced, as very much of this class of land, though laid down to grass, has done nothing to increase our meat supply and is not suitable for the growth of roots. The first thing the farmer wants to know is: Is wheat going to remain at over 44s. per quarter for the next three or four years? If not, it is of no use my breaking up my grass, for to break up grass and to sow wheat the first year would be suicidal, as in nine cases out of ten the wireworm would take most of the crop. Of course, in both cases of wheat and meat the labour question comes very prominently to the front, and if we cannot get the labour it is useless to interfere with the present conditions, and we must also take into consideration the profits arising from each, and with the rise in feeding stuffs and the price of beef it makes making beef rather a risky proceeding.—J. B. ELLIS.

BROOD MARES FROM THE FRONT.

By G. Denholm Armour.

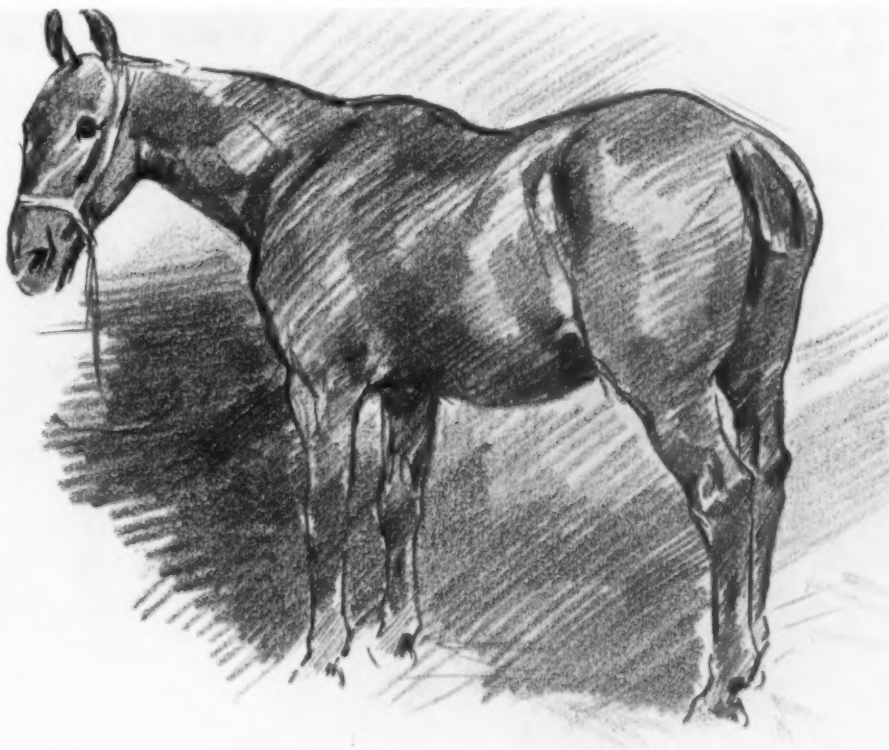


SOME OF THE BOXES AT PIRBRIGHT.

IT is a common complaint against Government departments that they are dilatory and slow in carrying out projects which, if in the hands of an individual, would have matured and have been in working order in much shorter time; and where every transaction has to pass through the hands of various officials and departments, no doubt much time is often lost and the original intention is much mutilated. In contrast to this it is refreshing to hear of the efforts made by the Board of Agriculture, in conjunction with the War Office, to repatriate some of the good mares which, under the stress of necessity, were sent to France in the early days of the war. To see two Government departments—one at least of which must be run to the extreme of its energies—working together is very reassuring.

Through the courtesy of those in authority I lately had an opportunity of looking at the last consignment sent home before they were distributed for sale in small lots at Wimborne, Northampton and Carnarvon. The advantage of holding the sales at such diversely situated centres will

be obvious to everyone. No one, I think, will question the utility of the scheme. There are always people who are



A USEFUL ALL-ROUND MARE.

ready to criticise the carrying out of a matter of this kind, and to think that because the quality, or it may be the type, of the animals varies that it could have been done better, but when one considers the enormous difficulties that must be encountered by those dealing with such a collection, amid the stress of things incident to war, I venture to say that the result, so far as it has gone, is wonderfully good. There is only one criticism which I have for the scheme, and that is, that the scale on which it is being carried out is quite inadequate to the necessity. At present the receiving station—an ideal place for such a purpose—is the cattle testing station at Pirbright, and even here there is accommodation for something like double the number of mares imported. It can hardly be said that there is anything in the nature of an experiment in this scheme, and the utility of it cannot be questioned.

No doubt there is certain outlay necessary, but there never was such opportunity to tackle the mare question so cheaply, and at the same time to rescue valuable material which would otherwise inevitably be lost. From what I have seen I should say that many of these mares if not rescued would have died, and thus benefited none. The prices realised for the first consignment seem, taking everything into consideration, to have been fairly satisfactory, and every penny received, I take it, should be considered as saving a dead loss to the country.

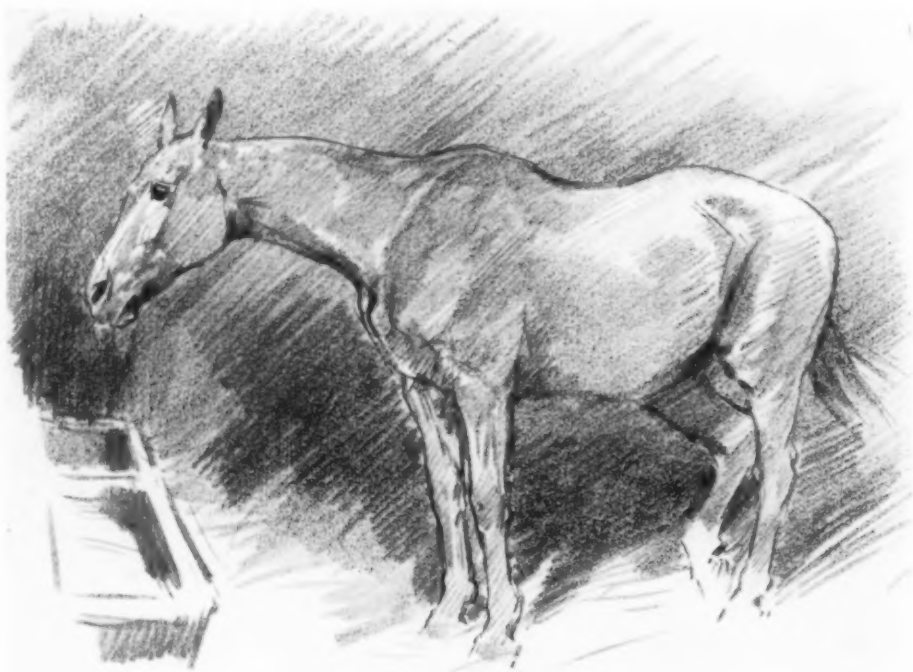
Regarding the consignment under discussion there were a considerable variety of types and of quality, but among the fifty there were certainly many of very high class, and nearly all were useful of their kind. The variety did not, to my mind, condemn the judgment of those selecting. It is quite common to find a man who can buy or select the kind of horse which suits his own personal requirements, but the ability to choose horses for all requirements is much more uncommon and an infinitely more difficult problem.

Some of the mares were in extremely bad condition, so much so that it is very difficult to picture what they might furnish into when they recover from the trials which have brought them to their present state. Lice and skin troubles, which so often go with very low condition, for the present hamper the work of those who are entrusted with nursing them; in a few cases wounds are added to their troubles.

It would be almost impossible to go through the stud and particularise all, but there were certainly a few worthy of mention. Taking the numbers as they came, on the principle of putting the show fruit on the top of the basket, those in charge at Pirbright would seem to have placed a beautiful iron grey mare at No. 1 box. This was a well bred mare, with good substance, remarkably short cannon bone and good girth.

So far as probability goes, she should breed the right kind of hunter.

Again, at No. 5 was a big chestnut mare, which, to my mind, was the pick of the whole stable, and I have seldom seen



A POSSIBLE DAM OF A "NATIONAL" HORSE.

a better type of brood mare. In very poor condition, she showed great strength, splendid depth and quality. A big mare, a good deal over 16h., but without gaining size by being "on the leg," she looked like breeding something like a "National" horse.

Next, at No. 6 was a bay mare of a particularly good type; in fact, it would be difficult to pick out many faults in her,



THE IRON GREY: A GOOD HUNTER TYPE.

except possibly that she lacked the character which I think is never absent from the superlatively good ones. It may be a fancy of my own, but this very point is often, to me, lacking in such animals as are successful at shows; judged upon

points they win, and yet the general impression is lack of character.

At No. 23 was one of the old-fashioned kind—a docked mare, that somehow suggested to me a type I have seen in the Blackmore Vale or in the Cotswold country, both countries where a horse of short back and power to act in confined space is fancied. At No. 24 was a lightweight mare of very great quality, whose name, could one know it, would probably be found in the Stud Book. She should suit those who believe in the clean bred ones as breeding true to type.

Still further down the row one came upon a somewhat miscellaneous lot; some more suggestive of harness than crossing a country, but nearly all good of their kind, and suitable to fill a few of the blanks left in their own walk of life.

And, after all, breeding of half-bred stock is so much of a lottery that, given true conformation and correct balance, which most of these mares possess, there is every reason to suppose that they might produce useful stock if properly mated.

A VISIT TO BYZANTIUM & STAMBOUL

By Arthur E. Henderson.

NIGHT falls as we leave the Dardanelles behind us and the vessel steams eastward on the placid Marmora. Very early next morning we are on the bridge; the deep blue firmament begins to pale, and pink soon catches a few clouds. A beacon light is discernible far ahead. It is the modern successor of the ancient Pharos of Chalcedon, "the city of the blind," on the Asiatic shore. A little to the left appears another light which marks the dangerous Seraglio point of Stamboul, and the European coast line now shows behind with its undulating hills.

The sunbeams flash far away on the Marmora behind the Bithynian Olympus, and before we can realise it the steamer is off the sea-walls of *The City*. Its hills are crowned with domes and minarets, those of Sancta Sophia predominant. We still make for the mountains, there being no apparent opening; the frowning walls of the ancient Hippodrome are capped by the six graceful minarets and dome of the mosque of Sultan Ahmed. Suddenly we are close under Sancta Sophia, and the steep gardens of the Seraglio Palace are all too quickly passed. An opening is seen, the steamer ports a little and swings into the Bosphorus. This fair waterway stretches in front of us like a wide and luminous river, its sloping shores lined with white marble

palaces and graceful konaks, beautiful gardens and wooded grounds. To our right behind Scutari rise dark cypresses, which mark the huge cemetery of the Faithful Turk.

To the left is busy Galata, where the great and massive tower of Christ keeps ever watchful guard. Behind is the deep indent of the Golden Horn with the floating bridge, to which are moored large pontoons for the impudent ferry boats that dodge between great passenger liners and heavily laden freighters. Over the stern is Stamboul. Kaiques surround us. We leave the ship and are swiftly rowed to the quayside.

Our footing on the bridge is soon paid. We are treading the very soil of Byzantium. We pass the noble pile of Yeni Djami (New Mosque), under a yawning arch, along narrow streets, up and up, beneath overhanging wooden houses with massive beams and latticed windows, till at length we arrive at an open space. To our left, soaring aloft, are the cavernous walls, enormous dome and towering minarets of that Church of the Holy Wisdom, once the very navel of the Byzantine Empire and the old Orthodox Creed, now that of the Turkish branch of the Moslem Faith. The supreme pleasure of entering must be deferred. We pass the Sultan's gateway and the decorative fountain of Ahmed III, with its inscription from the Koran, "By water everything lives."



MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN BAYAZID.

It is noon. We hear a peculiar continuous intonation coming from above, at times loud, then low; the muezzins are encircling the balconies of the minarets, calling the faithful to prayer. Our quest is partly satisfied. We sit upon a rush stool under a spreading tree, sip Turkish coffee and contemplate, to be disturbed by the return of the faithful. We begin the quest again. A dusty open space is before us, the At Meidan, once the ancient Hippodrome, where of old the Green and Blue factions met in rivalry. The glorious mosque of Sultan Ahmed is on the left. In the big outer court a picturesque fruit market is in full swing. We dare mount a few steps, enter through a gateway, and find ourselves in the court in front of the mosque. On all sides is a lovely marble arcade, in the midst of the court a charming fountain. Towering above are gathering domes and minarets. We step up to one of the open windows and peep in. The piers and walls are lined with tiles of glorious design, and many of the windows are filled with coloured glass.

We go out again into the dust, past the decapitated Serpent Column, a trophy from Delphi, to the furthest limit of the Hippodrome, and now before our eyes are the radiant Marmora and the dome of that fascinating mosque known as little Sancta Sophia, a perfect gem of early Byzantine art, the prototype of the Great Church, and equal in architectural interest to San Vitale at Ravenna. We see deserted, narrow, precipitous lanes overhung by wooden houses, closely latticed. Soon we arrive at the old and dilapidated

porphyry column of Constantine, bound by hoops of bronze. The story goes that beneath its massive base was secretly laid the Palladium of ancient Rome.

We climb still higher up the city and arrive at the heavy mosque of Sultan Bayezid II. Here the minarets stand wide apart. We enter the court to

find it more picturesque than that of the Ahmediyeh, on account of the fine old trees which serve as a foil to the architectural surroundings. Awnings are stretched, beneath which picturesque Turkish scribes sit, writing letters for veiled clients and for Turkish soldiers far from their homes.

Bearing sharp to the right, we enter the labyrinth of the Great Bazaar and see the gloomy Bezensten with stacks of antique arms.

Leaving it by the lower gate, we push our way up a steep street under corbelled buildings to the terrace of the mosque of Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent. The monarch's epithet might well be transferred to the building which bears his name, for, indeed, no other word seems applicable to this great creation of the architect Sinan—a masterpiece of constructive design.



MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN, STAMBOUL.

From the terrace the prospect is enthralling. A part of the crowded city lies at our feet. The water of the Golden Horn, laden with small sailing craft and a forest of bare poles and spars, scintillates in the near distance. Barges and other picturesque sailing craft tack to and fro, and small kaiques flit over the water like dragon-flies. Beyond is piled up Galata, above are the European hotels of Pera.



MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

To the right we catch a glimpse of the busy port, the Bosphorus and Scutari. To the left the Golden Horn turns northward, overlooked by the dark cypresses of the great cemetery of Eyub, and yet further an indent may be discerned between the hills where lie the Sweet Waters of Europe.

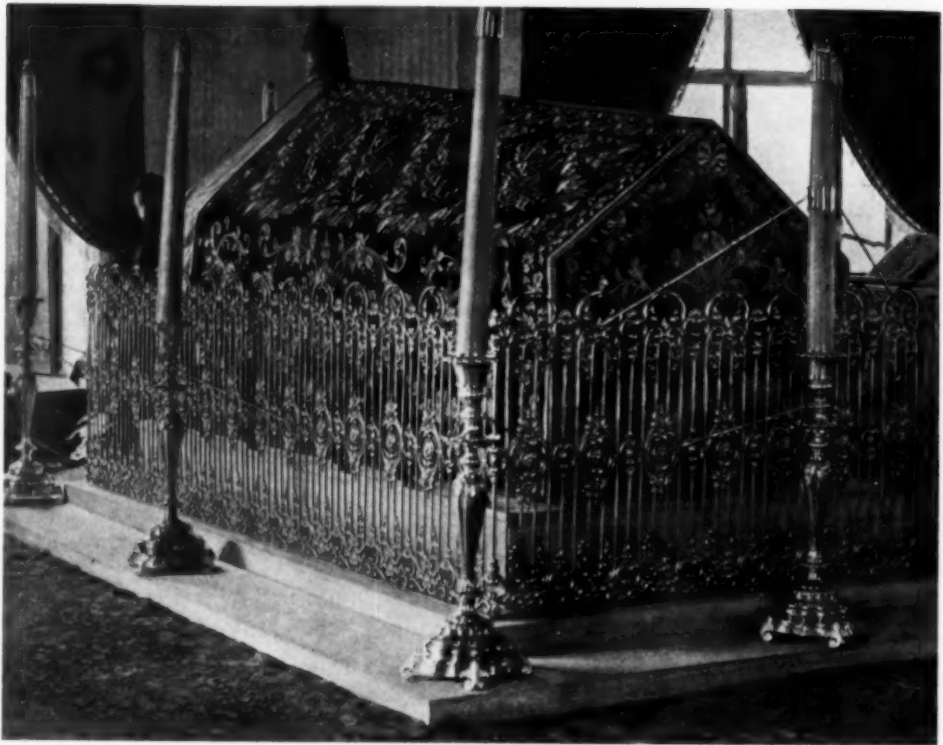
Descending a steep gradient and passing under the broken aqueduct of Valens, we find ourselves before the mosque of Shah-Zadeh, built by Suleiman in memory of his son Mohammad by his Circassian wife. It is the earliest mosque erected by Sinan. The exterior is well proportioned and beautifully harmonious, but the interior somewhat barren.

Thence we go to the site of the ancient church of the Holy Apostles, the Westminster Abbey of the Byzantine Emperors, now covered by the huge white-washed mosque of Mohammed II, the conqueror of the city. The present building appears to be almost a complete rebuilding of that erected by Christodulos for that sovereign. The Conqueror evidently knew that the former church had been the burial place of his imperial predecessors, for he had a mausoleum erected at the rear of his mosque and was buried therein.

He was proud of having captured the city, as can be read on a marble slab, set in lapis-lazuli near one of the entrances. Thereon, in gilt letters, are these words of Mohammed: "They will capture Constantinople, and happy the Prince, happy the Army, which accomplishes this." Happy indeed will it be if the Allies drive out the misgoverning Turk from this fair city without destruction of life or antiquarian treasure!

Each day of our stay we explore further afield. We may trace the Conqueror's entrance through the great breach in the massive walls, and pass through the famous gate of St. Romanus. Near there the last of the Emperors, Constantine XII, fell, on the fatal 29th of May, 1453.

We make friends with the stately Imam of the Mosaic Mosque. His worthy colleague, the muezzin, delights in describing the pictures in broken English. We come across a little opening in a dilapidated brick wall; looking in, we see a gloomy cavern with row upon row of granite columns



TOMB OF MOHAMMED THE CONQUEROR.



THE SULTAN'S GATEWAY AT SANCTA SOPHIA.

supporting lace-like capitals and innumerable arches and vaults. It is one of the great underground Byzantine cisterns which were closed after the massacres. A perilous descent is made by narrow stone steps. Gradually accustoming ourselves to the dim light, the dampness and the cold, we discern between the slender shafts long lines of twine stretched from end to end of the subterranean cavern. An old man in the dim distance is at a spinning wheel, adding yarn as he turns. These old places are most suitable for his craft, and, as they are now inaccessible, the industry is dying.

We leave the old stringmaker in his strange workshop and pass over the inner bridge to the European quarter of Pera with its hideous embassies, towering hotels and gaudy shops. There is here the apeing of a European city with all its hustle and rudeness, but we ferry up the Bosphorus to peace and quietness.

Such was the atmosphere of Constantinople when I made my first visit, which was to stretch into a stay of years. To-day, Enver Pasha is said to sit smiling at his desk, unperturbed by the Allied guns thundering in the Dardanelles.

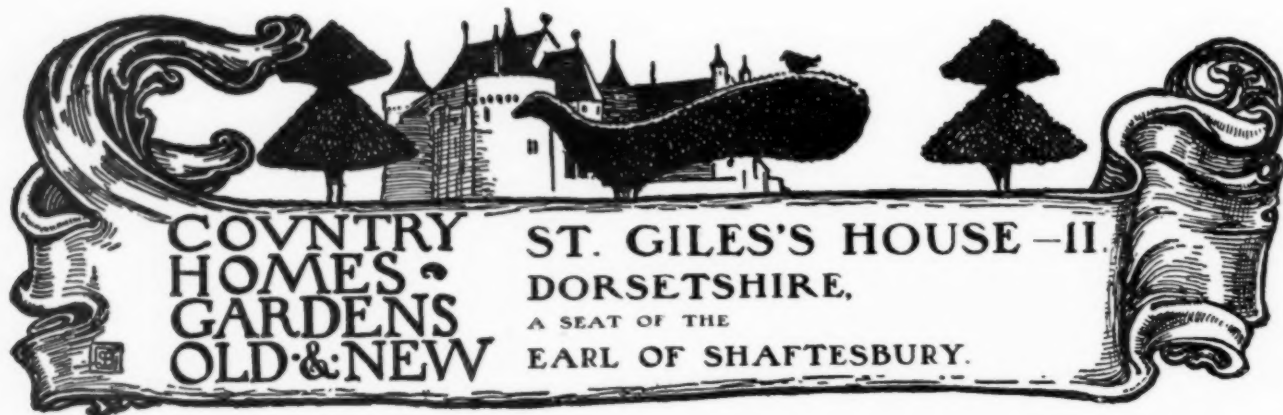


COURTYARD OF MOSQUE OF ACHMET.

As this is written the forts are falling; perhaps the fleets will be steaming across the Sea of Marmora before the words are printed. Once more the world looks for a Fall of Constantinople which shall repair the long damage of misrule and oppression and restore the pride of old Byzantium. New conquerors seek an entrance where Mohammed II played his part, and they are backed by the goodwill of nearly all the Christian world.



FOUNTAIN OF SULTAN ACHMET.



ST. GILES'S HOUSE is a superstructure, as is often the case, upon earlier foundations, for the doorways in the basement are the remains of the old house of the Ashleys. The first Lord Shaftesbury pulled this down, and notes in his diary on March 19th, 1650 (shortly before his marriage with his second wife, Lady Frances Cecil, daughter of the third Earl of Exeter), "I laid the first stone of my house at

St. Giles's"; but, unfortunately, the diary ends in July of this year (1651), and we hear no more of his new building.

His grandson the philosopher who had "acquired a great knowledge in the polite arts such that he might very properly be called a virtuoso"—that favourite word of the eighteenth century—tells us that he inherited a great mass of building, to which he protests he does not wish to

add: "Far from adding anything to St. Giles's, I would to God I could in any way contract." This was the sudden fit of economy during which he proposed to live within two hundred a year in Holland.

In the first edition of Hutchins's "Dorset" (1774) is presented two views of the north-east and the east front, very much as they are to-day, except that the seventh Lord Shaftesbury, after he succeeded in 1851, removed the battlements on the east front and added the mansard roof and the upper storey of the present towers.

"The apartments below stairs are esteemed some of the best in England," writes the admiring historian, but there is little trace of the first Earl's taste beyond the fine plaster ceiling of the small drawing-room, which is in the manner introduced by Inigo Jones. It is divided into panels by large projecting ribs, of which the soffits are enriched by scrolling designs; the large oval rib is enriched by a ribbon-bound wreath of oak, and within the oval panel so enclosed is a second wreath of fruit.

The smaller panels are empty, as is usual in designs of this type, but in the corner panels there is set a light bay wreath.



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THE ALMSHOUSE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The majority of the rooms were, however, magnificently decorated in the long tenure of the fourth Earl, who, born in 1710-11, inherited the estate as a child two years later, and died in 1771.

The dining-room is known to have been decorated by Wright about 1750, and Richard Pococke, in 1754, speaks of a large room as having been "lately finished in a very elegant manner." Its marble chimney-piece, with the vine-

and crowned the eighteenth century chimney-piece by an upper structure of alabaster and marble, framing very happily a fine portrait of the "comely person" of the first Lord Shaftesbury.

The fourth Earl, who did so much to the house, also laid out the gardens and built for his wife, in 1751, at an enormous cost, the grotto of shells from the West Indies and the Chinese bridge across the lake, seen in the plate in Hutchins. Richard



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THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wreathed head in the tablet, the carved and gilt pedimented overmantel, the gilt ornament of the entablature of the room and the mouldings of the woodwork, have the sober richness of the date.

Of the same character is the decoration of the white hall and the chimney-pieces of many of the rooms, dignified by the fine, mid-eighteenth century furniture. The most recently touched of the rooms is the large central hall, where Bodley had partly wainscoted with linen-fold panelling,

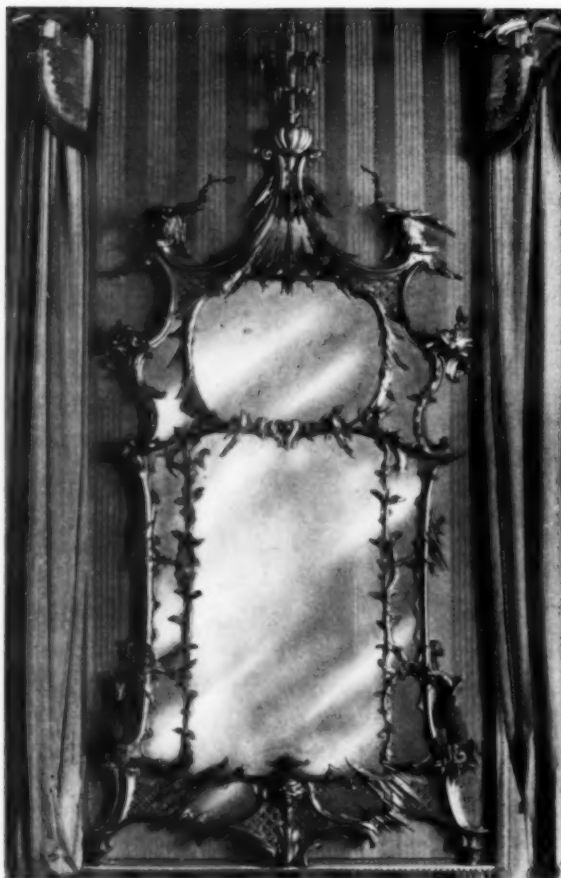
Pococke, who came here in 1754, is enthusiastic about the gardens, "very beautifully laid out, in a serpentine river, pieces of water, lawns, etc., and very gracefully adorned with wood. One first comes to an island on which there is a castle, then, near the water, is a gateway, with a tower on each side, and passing between two waters there is a fine cascade from the one to the other, a thatched house, a round pavilion on a mount, Shakespear's house, in which is a small statue of him, and his works in a glass case. There

is a pavilion between the waters, and both a Chinese and stone bridge between them."

Though the garden buildings in the Chinese taste have disappeared with that vanished taste, the massy foliage of the woods, the wide lake, the vista across the fountain basin between the files of trees witness to the fact that the descendants of the first Lord Shaftesbury were not without care for the gardens and plantations of their possession which had come down to them from early times, always by inheritance, never by purchase.

Since Chippendale's time, the furniture of St. Giles's House has escaped alteration in a wonderful degree. There are earlier pieces such as the interesting walnut chair dating from the last years of the seventeenth or the very first years of the eighteenth century, when the cabriole leg made a first tentative appearance in England.

The splat is of a long jar shape, perforated in the centre with carving of the same character as a set of walnut chairs at Hampton Court Palace, and the other close resemblances between them suggest that they came from



Copyright. A "CHIPPENDALE" MIRROR. "C.L."

the same maker's hands. The uprights, each formed of two S-scrolls, are incurved at the sides, and the cresting is of acanthus. The seats of the chairs at Hampton Court are covered with their original needlework by the ladies of the Court, but the upholstery of the drop seat of the St. Giles's chair has been renewed. The legs finish in a small, nerveless claw and ball, not in the hoof foot of the Hampton Court set, and have an escallop shell carved midway on the leg. The side stretchers have the customary broken curve, while the front stretcher is crested.

Genuine specimens of this transitional pattern of chair are rare, and they appear to have been only made for the wealthy classes. The paw and ball foot is definitely established in the tapestry covered mahogany chair dating from about 1720, in which the arms turn outward and end in grotesque lions' heads, while the legs are carved on the knee with a shell and pendant.

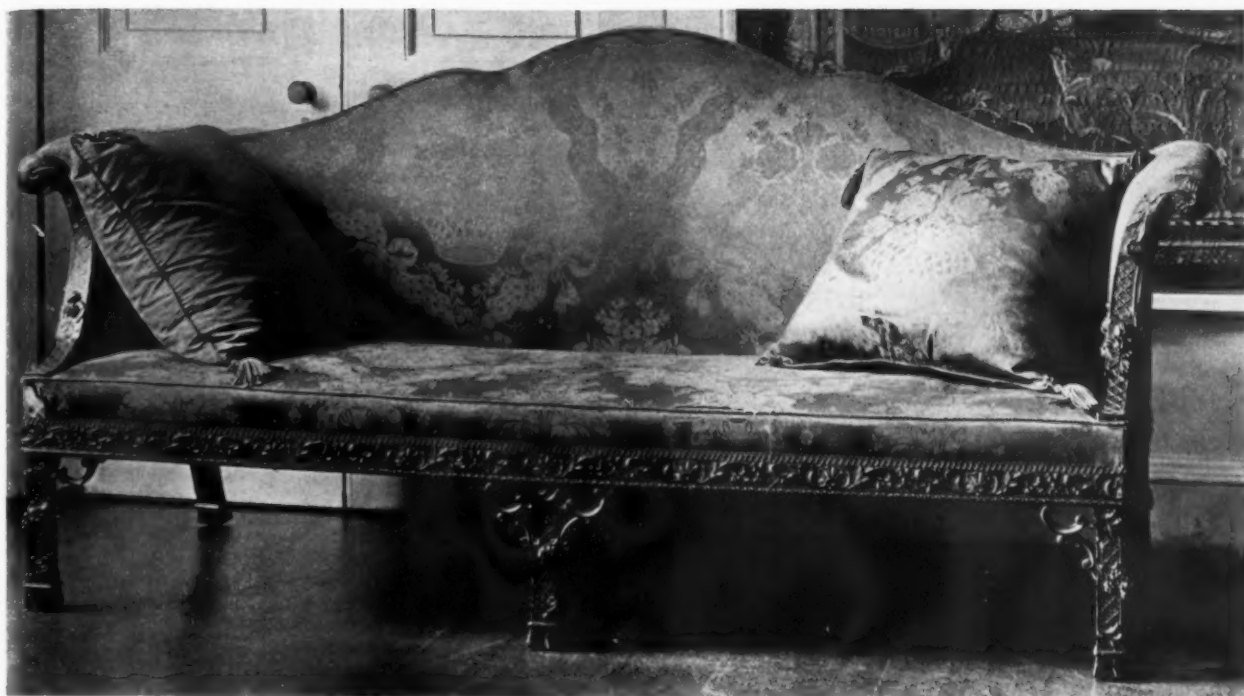
In the dining-room there is a gathering of fine carved and gilt furniture—mirrors, side-tables and a chandelier—some of which is anterior, at any rate in style, to the decoration of the room in 1750.



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ENGLISH ROCOCO: IN THE GREEN ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A "STRAIGHT-LEG" SETTEE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The large oval mirrors with the bold, open and leafy scrolls surrounding them and rising to a tall ornament centring in a mask at the top, with the console tables below them, are in the early Georgian manner, as is the marble-topped side-table whose central support is a vigorous eagle, the grip of whose claws and defiant attitude are exaggerated, as was the manner of the time. It grasps a rock, which is set upon a plinth which has a rosette banding. The legs turn over at the top in volutes, from the eyes of which depend the swags of flowers that the eagle picks up in its beak. The legs, headed with a large satyr's head, are scaled in front, and finish in a goat-foot about and above which acanthus curls.

The chandelier of carved and gilt wood goes with the table, and we have the same motifs of the defiant eagle at the top, with the satyr's head enlivening the junction of the floral candle-branches.

But the furniture of the English rococo period at St. Giles's shows greater finish and accomplishment than the gilt side-tables and mirrors in the dining-room. Chippendale is not to be caught and his furniture authenticated in the houses where one suspects his presence until in his later life he had changed his style to the new fashion that Robert Adam had



Copyright.

IN THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

"C.L."

introduced. But there is a better case to be made for the furniture at St. Giles's than for many collections. The Countess of Shaftesbury was a subscriber to the first edition of the *Director* (1754), when his noble subscribers were not very numerous.

In the second place, there is the evidence of close correspondence between actual pieces and plates in the *Director*; for instance, the lacquer commode, which is one of a pair, is closely akin to the design for a "commode table" in the (1762) *Director*, plate LXVII. It is built on the same graceful lines, and stands on the same hoof feet, but the carved or ormolu enrichments shown in the plate are not found on the surface of the commode at St. Giles's, which is of English lacquer upon a carcase of cedar wood.

Again, the shell-backed and seated hall-seats are in the manner of Chippendale, who gives six designs for similar chairs "for halls, passages or summer houses" in the *Director*, adding that "they may be made either of mahogany or any other wood, and painted, and have commonly wooden seats." The very richly carved set of arm-chairs and settee in the tapestry room—interesting from their use of the straight leg, connected to the frame by a bracket—



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AN EAGLE CONSOLE TABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is probably from his workshop. The tapestry room itself is empty but for this fine suite, and for hangings of the Triumphs of the Gods from the Gobelin looms which cover the walls. Of the complete series of nine hangings, which were designed (or freely adapted from a sixteenth century design) by Noel Coypel, three, the triumphs of Apollo, Bacchus, and Ceres and Vulcan have been at St. Giles's for at least a century and a half, and have lost none of their original freshness and beauty.

A very large proportion of the carved and gilt mirror and picture frames, which are the most interesting feature of the collection, is in the purest and most vivacious English rococo style, and most probably from the hand of Chippendale himself, whose father, carver, gilder and cabinet-maker, had made a name for his carved mirrors and picture-frames, and who himself, in the *Director*, shows a craftsman's enthusiasm for carving as an enrichment of furniture. The outlay necessary for making these large mirrors, the highly skilled nature of the carving, would tend to restrict them to the larger manufacturers, and probably to London.

There was no strong distinction in shapes or style between the frames and mirrors, except that the latter were usually of a tall, oblong shape, and when made of more than one sheet of glass were lighter and more fantastic in outline. The illustrated mirror, crowned by a tall cascade of dropping water, enlivened by two strident birds perched upon the two top corners, and divided into compartments by narrow bands of rococo ornament



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THE GILT WOOD CHANDELIER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ENGLISH LACQUER COMMUNE WITH HOOF FEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which cover the joins of the glass plates, could never have framed a picture.

Chippendale gives many illustrations of pier-glasses and picture frames, adding that a skilful carver may "give full scope for his capacity" here. For picture frames, his intention is to make use of symbolic *motifs*, trophies of hunting, music, and of war, but no symbols find place on the frame of the "Judgment of Hercules," a "history piece" that the third Lord Shaftesbury commanded in Italy in 1713, and which, he writes, cost him about fourscore pistoles.

The detail of the opposing curves is balanced with an instinct that is perfection in its way, but the leafy and flowery eccentricities and outgrowths, the urns of dripping water, the minute and vigorous dragons clinging to the frame have nothing to do with Hercules and his famous Choice.

But the relevancy of the *motifs* of rococo work is the least of its claims to our attention; and there can be no better example than this frame, of the entertaining facility of invention, the sparkling brightness and verve of this style at its best, in the best hands.



Copyright. MAHOGANY CHAIR OF 1720. "C.L."

fluences that we look for the manner in England.

It is worthy of note that the rococo manner succeeded in its onslaught on English art much more markedly in furniture design than in any other direction, plasterwork only excepted. The main building trades were almost wholly unaffected, for the excellent reason that architects looked coldly upon what they regarded as an undue licence in ornament. Smaller men such as the two Half-pennys published books which commended and illustrated garden grottoes in a lavishly Baroque manner, but the more serious architects of the day would have none of it. In any case the garden has always been regarded as a reasonable field for the exploiting of extravagant fashions in architectural design. A temple or a grotto was soon built and as soon destroyed when the fashion was past; but no one in England dreamt of treating a large building with the wild lack of reserve which marks so many of the great Italian villas. It is, therefore, to Chippendale's furniture and to the plasterers who worked under similar French influences that we look for the manifestation of the rococo J.

IN THE GARDEN.

COLOUR IN THE ROCK GARDEN.—I.

By A. Clutton Brock.

IT is very easy to have too much colour in a rock garden in May or June, when most of the mountain flowers are out; and if a rock garden is all flowers, it begins to look spent and autumnal in July. In the mountains, even where there are no shrubs, the flowers have a foil of grass, and in the rock garden we must use shrubs to provide this foil—shrubs that, by their diversities of greenness, will contrast well both with each other and with the flowers about them. Indeed, the first thing to consider in planting a rock garden, if you want it to be something more than a mere blaze of flowers for two months in the year, is the shrubs, and where you will place them—the grey shrubs, like some of the dwarf Veronicas, or the dwarf Santolina, or the green shrubs, such as the mountain Firs and Pines and Cypresses.

I have a prejudice against large flowering shrubs in the rock garden, such as the Cistuses, because when they are in bloom they seem out of scale with the mountain flowers and distract the eye from their delicate beauty; but that is a question of taste. Following my own taste, however, I shall speak mainly of shrubs that are grown for their leafage, and of the manner in which they can be combined with other plants, so as by contrast to enhance the brilliance of their colours. *Lithospermum prostratum*, for instance, by itself is rather dull and gloomy in its leaves. The grey-leaved Veronicas are an excellent foil to it, especially if they are planted here and there to break a drift of the *Lithospermum*. One of the glories of the Alps is the contrast of pink and blue where *Gentiana verna* and *Silene acaulis* grow together. One cannot do much with this mixture in the rock garden, even where the *Gentian* thrives, because the *Silene* will not flower. The best substitute for it is parallel drifts of *Lithospermum prostratum* and *Phlox Vivid*, broken, as I have said, with a glaucous *Veronica* here and there.

Where plants are contrasted thus in parallel drifts, they should not both begin and leave off exactly at the same point. The drifts should start diagonally down a bank, one beginning and ending lower than the other. Nor should they be kept entirely distinct, but at some point two or three plants of each kind should be mixed with each other to break the tones of colour, so that the contrasts may not make too regular a pattern. Any approach to formal planting in a rock garden is incongruous; what is

needed is purpose everywhere that conceals itself and seems to be a happy accident.

The dwarf firs, of which there are a good many species and varieties, are all remarkable for the vivid green which they put on in April, and which reminds one more than anything of the glory of a mountain spring. By chance I planted one of these firs among a drift of *Æthionema grandiflora*, and the contrast of green and pink, when the *Æthionemas* are in flower, is so happy that I wish I had intended it.

Their pink is a brilliant but soft grey, or blue pink, and it must not be placed anywhere near the harsher yellow-pinks of the *Helianthemums*. Indeed, yellow-pink and blue-pink are always discordant, but the *Æthionema* harmonises perfectly with *Dianthus cæsius* or *D. plumarius* and their very various hybrids. It may also be contrasted with the white flowers and silvery foliage of *Tanacetum argenteum*, or with the more delicate *Achillea rupestris*. These are all plants for dry, sunny places, and it is becoming, of course, in planning combinations of colour to consider whether the plants will grow well, besides looking well, together. I have considered this point in all the combinations which I suggest.

Æthionema grandiflora is a large plant when full grown. *Æ. pulchellum* is smaller and prostrate. Its soft pink flowers make a beautiful contrast with the soft blue of that *Campanula* commonly known as *C. garganica erinus*, which is both more vigorous and prettier than the type; or with *C. garganica hirsuta*, also a fine and vigorous variety. These are all plants for sunny fissures, and one may vary the contrast with a plant here and there of the brilliant *Dianthus neglectus* or with patches of *Sempervivum arachnoideum*, for there should be seeming accidents in every arrangement of rock plants.

A beautiful shrub to go with these little plants, harmonising particularly well with *Campanula garganica hirsuta*, is *Retinospora* (or *Cupressus*) *obtusa nana*. (I give the names of all these shrubs with hesitation, because they vary much in catalogues.) This is one of the most beautiful of all the dwarf conifers, and very slow in growth. It looks its best in some prominent place among bold rocks and among small and brilliant rock plants. It is quite out of scale with any large flowering plant. Another combination for rocky fissures is *Wahlenbergia serpyllifolia* with *Asperula suberosa*. Both of these flower early, the *Wahlenbergia* with bells of the richest purple, the *Asperula* with little blossoms of the most delicate coral pink. Both have the delicate beauty of the highest alpine, but they are

not difficult in limestone fissures high and dry and sunny, at least in Surrey gardens. Only the smallest conifers should be planted with them, such as a very dwarf mountain Pine, and they should not be near any large plant, which would destroy the high Alpine illusion they produce. Indeed, one must in planning combinations for the rock garden always keep the smaller and more delicate plants separate from the larger and more vigorous, both for safety and for effect. One cannot see the beauty of the smaller alpine when there is some large-flowering plant close to them. They are spoilt both in colour and in form by its proximity. So one can best separate combinations of larger and smaller plants with shrubs, which go well with such combination and yet make a transition from one to another. The well planned rock garden will contain both striking contrasts of colour made by the larger rock plants and delicate combinations which are only seen close at hand and which cover only a small space. By the use of shrubs one can keep some coherence through all these diversities, and there is no other means of doing so. Therefore the shrubs should be planted before anything else and with an eye to their general effect when the rock garden is seen as a whole.

A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE SPEEDWELL.

THE accompanying illustration represents one of the most charming of all our native plants, but, unfortunately, one that is not distributed over the rocky districts of the country so widely as some other flowers. On the mountain limestone hills

near Llandudno and the surrounding counties it may be found in fair quantity, its spikes of bright blue flowers, rising nearly a foot above the ground, creating a delightful effect during the months of July and August. Fortunately, its charm has been realised by nurserymen and seedsmen, with the result that it has been freely cultivated as a rock garden plant, and considerably improved thereby. It is not in any way fastidious as to soil or situation, thriving in sunny or partially shaded positions, and in almost any ground that is well drained. Plants are easily raised from seeds, which may be sown during the next few weeks in nooks or crannies in the rock garden where a fair amount of soil is available for the roots to ramble in. Most seedsmen can supply seed under the botanical name of *Veronica spicata*. There are several varieties in cultivation, one with white flowers and another with blossoms of a pale rose shade, but neither is so pleasing as the species with its vivid blue flowers. Its habit is excellently portrayed in the illustration, where the flower spikes are partly tumbling over a rocky ledge.

SOME HINTS ON PRUNING ROSES.

There are few operations in gardening so simple, yet so little understood, as the pruning of Roses. It is true that some knowledge of the habits of the different varieties is necessary to perform the operation intelligently and successfully, but there are broad general rules which, if followed, will carry the cultivator a long way on the road to success. The first question that will probably occur to the novice is, Why is it necessary to prune at all? Roses, in common with nearly every plant, invariably make much more growth than is good for them. Nature, in her inexorable rule, aiming at a quantity of blooms rather than a lesser number of what we consider flowers of high quality. Then, again, we have our notoriously fickle climate, which in some winters creates havoc among the shoots, frost and damp killing or maiming the majority almost down to the soil. It is obvious that wood smitten in this way is best removed, and

it is our first duty to consider the most opportune time for the operation.

When to Prune.—With the exception of Rambler Roses, which are best pruned as soon as the flowers have faded, the end of March or early in April is the proper season for the work. By that time any wood that has been injured by frost will be easily discernible, the tell-tale brownish marks on the bark and the brown-coloured pith inside serving as a reliable guide. But there is another, and more important, reason for leaving the cutting of our Rose bushes until the time named. As every Rose grower knows, the uppermost buds on the shoots will frequently burst during February or early March, to succumb later to biting north or north-east winds. That early bursting in itself is beneficial, inasmuch as it serves as a sort of vent for the rising sap, and so keeps the lower buds dormant and safe. But if pruning were done earlier in the year, these latter buds would burst early and in due course be seriously injured, if not killed, with the result that a good display of flowers would be out of the question that summer, owing to the fact that there would be no more buds to take their place. Thus, by deferring pruning until the end of March or early April, the good, plump buds, situated on solid, undamaged wood, are kept dormant until the greatest risk of injury by cold winds is past.

Some General Rules for Pruning.—Although each section of Roses requires special treatment, there are certain rules that hold good for all. Thus, to start with, all dead or badly damaged shoots may be cut clean away. Then, except in the Scotch and Banksian Roses, where the flowers are produced on the thin twigs, all very weak, thin growths may be removed. Partially dead or stunted snags may come next; and, finally, any shoots that cross and chafe each other must be taken out. Another general rule is that the stronger or more vigorous growths a variety makes, the less hard will be the pruning, and *vice versa*. This, to the uninitiated, will, no doubt, sound

paradoxical, but a minute's consideration will show the wisdom of it. The harder a shoot is cut back, the more vigorous will be the growths that it produces the summer following; hence the reason for pruning weak growing sorts severely and leaving the vigorous ones to more or less take care of themselves. In pruning always endeavour to cut to a sound, almost or quite dormant, bud pointing outwards, and cut as close as possible to it without actually inflicting damage. Secateurs, with a double cutting edge, are more



A BEAUTIFUL BLUE-FLOWERED NATIVE SPEEDWELL, *VERONICA SPICATA*, IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

easily managed than a knife, but they must be kept very sharp, otherwise a jagged cut that refuses to heal will result.

Newly Planted Roses.—These invariably need cutting more severely than bushes that are already established. Ramblers may have one or two of the strongest shoots left 2ft. or 3ft. long, but all the rest of their growths should be pruned almost level with the soil. Bush Roses need cutting to within three or four buds of the ground, and standards to within the same number of the main stem. The necessity for this ought to be patent to everyone, but experience teaches us that it is not. In transplanting a Rose the roots, treated as carefully as may be possible, receive a certain amount of injury, and undoubtedly a severe check; consequently they are not equal to sustaining fully a longer set of shoots than those mentioned above. A Rose bush takes a year to become well established, and it is folly to expect long growths to develop properly the first summer.

Hybrid Perpetuals.—Although these are not very extensively grown now, there are a few indispensable varieties to be found in most gardens. The weaker-growing varieties, such as Victor Hugo, should be cut to within 3in. of the base of the shoots made last year; the moderately vigorous sorts, such as Mrs. J. Laing, to within 6in.; and the very vigorous growers, such as Hugh Dickson, may be left from 18in. to 2ft. These growths, if slightly bent over, will burst into new shoots more evenly and give a glorious display of blossoms.

Hybrid Teas.—These are the most extensively grown set of all, and need much the same pruning as advised for Hybrid Perpetuals. Mrs. Aaron Ward and Richmond are good examples of those that need cutting to within 3in. or so of the base of the new growths; General Macarthur and George C. Waud to within 6in.; and J. B. Clark and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to be left from 18in. to 2ft. long.

Tea Roses.—Owing to their more delicate constitution, the pruning of Tea Roses ought to be left until the last, the first or second week in April, according to the earliness or otherwise of the season, being soon enough to do the work. Practically all of the Roses belonging to this section benefit by hard pruning, *i.e.*, to within 2in. or so of the bases of the shoots made last year. The very strong-growing sorts, such as the old Gloire de Dijon and the Noisette variety W. A. Richardson, which are usually grown on walls, need, however, different treatment. With these it is advisable to retain any very vigorous young shoots nearly their whole length, but the smaller side growths must be cut back to within 2in. or 3in. of the main rods.

Pernet Roses.—The varieties included in this comparatively new set differ so much in habit that special directions are needed. Weak-growing varieties, such as Rayon d'Or and Arthur R. Goodwin, need pruning severely, as advised for the weakest section of Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas. Willowmere and Lyon, which are moderately vigorous, should be cut back to within 6in. of the base of last year's growth. Duchess of Wellington, which is more vigorous, may be left at least 1ft. long; and Juliet, which is almost a rambler, is best treated by leaving the sound, sturdy shoots nearly their full length, just removing the soft tip of each. These should then be bent over like a bow, to induce the buds to burst along their whole length.

Polyantha Roses.—These are the little dwarf Roses that are so useful for bedding. Some, like Katherine Zeimet, only make very weak growth, and these, I find, are best if nearly pruned to the ground. Others, such as Jessie and Phyllis, are moderately vigorous, and need to be pruned less severely. It is best to cut out to the soil level all very weak, twiggy shoots, then leave the stouter ones from 9in. to 1ft. long, according to the age of the bushes. Orleans is more vigorous in habit than the foregoing, and may have its sturdiest growths left from 15in. to 18in. long.

Rugosa or Japanese Roses.—These are perhaps best known in gardens by the early flowering white variety, Blanc Double de Coubert. They need very little pruning beyond cutting away very weak shoots and removing the soft tips from the branches that are left. They are best grown as large free bushes. Conrad F. Meyer, which is a deliciously fragrant, large pink Rose, and a hybrid of the Rugosa tribe, is a vigorous rambler, and is best pruned as advised for Gloire de Dijon under the heading of Tea Roses. All the Rugosas should be pruned at once.

Single Roses.—By these is meant such beautiful varieties as Irish Elegance and Irish Fireflame. They are best grown as large bushes, hence all the pruning that is called for is the removal of weak, thin shoots, and the soft tips from the main shoots that are left.

Banksian Roses.—These are very puzzling Roses to deal with, but I have come to the conclusion that the less pruning they receive the better. The flowers are produced on the thin, twiggy side growths, and all that is called for is the removal of old wood that is obviously worn out.

Strong Growing Bush Roses.—There are a number of Roses, belonging to several sections, that come under this heading, and that call for special treatment. Three that occur to me are Gustave Regis, Zephyrine Drouhin and Grüss an Teplitz. These are really best when grown as large bushes or, if desired, short pillars, though Zephyrine Drouhin does splendidly when the long growths are bent over and pegged down. In pruning, all very weak shoots should be entirely removed, also any growths that are old and devoid of vigour. Then the shoots that remain must have their soft tips removed.

Rose Hedges.—These are usually composed of strong growing Roses, such as Grüss an Teplitz, Rugosa varieties or the Penzance Briars. They should be treated on the lines indicated for single Roses.

ART AND WAR.



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SPORTING RIFLE.

The gift of H.M. the King.

IN the early days of the war we all remember that great movement which enabled the Red Cross to equip over eight hundred motor ambulances and dispatch them to the seat of war, thereby alleviating the sufferings of our brave

soldiers who were fighting our battles in France and Flanders. In the rush to assist this noble work many people who could not spare money sent jewels or trinkets, suggesting that the Red Cross Society should sell them for the benefit of the funds; this, then, might be considered the beginning of what may now be described as the Red Cross Collection of Works of Art. Some of the gifts arrived without even the

name of the donors; some with only the initials hastily written on scraps of paper; and, again, others with the name and address accompanied by the words "for the motor ambulance," and each betokening the feeling of urgency and a spirit that brooked no delay where the work of humanity was to be done.

The appeal for works of art may almost be considered, therefore, as being initiated by the public itself rather than by the two societies now working hand in hand for the sick and wounded; but when the gifts began to accumulate it was considered advisable to make a definite appeal to the general public, and to decide on a method of realisation. Hence the birth of the Collections Committee of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, with its separate organisation, now installed in Room 99 at the headquarters in Pall Mall. The next step was to settle the question of realisation, and Christie's was approached with a view to a public sale of the gifts already received and in prospect. This firm was found more than ready to assist the good work, and offered to undertake



ELIZABETHAN TIGER WARE JUG.

The gift of Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.



AN OLD SILVER SUGAR CASTER.

The gift of Sydney Morse, Esq.

the sale free of all cost to the societies.

The Collections Committee may feel justly proud when it contemplates these few short weeks of its labours, which have resulted in a collection of works of art contributed by over six hundred different donors, and the cry is, "Still they come!" Among those who have contributed wholeheartedly are the artists, in spite of the fact that this profession has been more heavily affected by the European catastrophe than any other.

The Committee sincerely believe that the public will realise that the present time is one of self-denial, and that works of art which have often been considered as part of our daily existence will no longer remain indispensable now that the things which really matter have eclipsed the minor considerations of peace time.

In a word, we shall find that we can do without a picture, a piece of plate, a vase, or a jewel that is seldom worn, when our daily thoughts are more deeply engrossed with khaki and Dreadnoughts, nor shall we hesitate to convert the ornamental into the useful when men's lives are at stake. Therefore, we venture to hope the generous impulse which has prompted so many to answer this appeal already may yet find more votaries who will give freely of their best possessions, feeling confident that their sacrifice will find an equally hearty response from the buyers when the time comes for the final realisation.



A SET OF THREE SILVER TEA CADDIES.

The gift of Sir Ernest Cassel.

Could the history of the British Red Cross Society and St. John Ambulance Association be written at the present time it would surely be in letters of gold, and would touch the hearts of the whole British Empire; but this will never be until the time for action has gone by, and many of us will be left saying, "If I had only known. If I had only known."

It is not to be wondered at, then, that our King and Queen heartily supported the appeal as soon as it was brought to their notice, or that peers, diplomats and politicians hastened to offer their contributions to swell the funds.

Letters are arriving daily from all parts of the kingdom, even from the front, and bearing the Censor's familiar stamp, asking if there is yet time to send a pre-

sent to the Red Cross sale, and to meet this enquiry the Collections Committee, though originally intending to hold the sale during this month, have decided to extend the date for receiving until the 25th, and postpone the sale itself until shortly after Easter.

All contributions sent to the Red Cross Society, or direct to Messrs. Christie, at 8, King Street, St. James's, will be gratefully acknowledged, and each of us may rest assured that, whether as a giver or a buyer, he is rendering noble aid to the great cause of Humanity.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Songs from the Clay. By James Stephens. (Macmillan.)

CLEVERNESS is the most striking characteristic of these poems. This is not altogether meant as a compliment. When Milton said that poetry should be simple, passionate, sensuous, he did not add "and clever," for he knew that poetic genius surpasses, subdues cleverness. Fancy and cleverness go together, imagination and cleverness do not. And great imagination was needed to give the freedom sighed for in the opening number, "And it was windy weather." Probably it suggested the title.

Now the winds are riding by,
Clouds are galloping the sky,
And the trees are lashing their
Leafy plumes upon the air;
They are crying as they sway—
"Pull the roots out of the clay,
Dance away, O dance away;
Leave the rooted place and speed
To the hill-side and the mead,
To the roaring seas we go,
Chase the airy birds, and know,
Flying high, flying high,
All the freedom of the sky,
All the freedom of the sky."

Here is a very clever conception, and yet the writer has not been able to give perfect expression to the fine thought which, like an island from a fog, looms vaguely out of his imagery. We recognise the enfranchisement sought for and sympathise with it, but a ludicrous vision of uprooted trees chasing "airy birds" (or aeroplanes) hovers about an admiration which should be unqualified. In the very next poem cleverness sits lightly and gracefully upon a pleasant fancy. It is a request to the Bee that she may carry a message and might have been written by Herrick. We almost hear the dead man's lips framing the final:

And should you go back that way, please
Carry a message to the house
Among the trees.

Say—I will wait her at the rock
Beside the stream, this very night
At eight o'clock.

And ask your queen when you get home
To send my queen the present of
A honeycomb.

The simple vignettes of country life are the best executed pieces in the volume. Easy and clear in style, uncomplicated in motive, they carry with them the very atmosphere of country lane and cottage. In them a mannerism or artistic device to which the author is addicted does not feel out of place. This is to play upon and repeat salient phrases. As illustration we may take a little piece called "In the Night."

There always is a noise when it is dark;
It is the noise of silence and the noise
Of blindness.

The noise of silence and the noise of blindness
Do frighten me,
They hold me stark and rigid as a tree!

These frighten me,
These hold me stark and rigid as a tree!
Because at last their tumult is more loud
Than thunder.

Because at last
Their tumult is more loud than thunder:
They terrify my soul,
They tear my heart asunder!

The repetition is most skilful, and assists greatly to work up that culminating effect of solitude and horror at which the author aimed. He begins fixing attention on "the noise of silence and the noise of blindness." They "frighten me" is the next stage preparatory to the explosion in the climax, "Their tumult is more loud than thunder." William Blake was not studied in vain. On the mystic side Mr. Stephens is closely related to Blake, and so many of the verses are symbolical or Blakelike in character that the reader ends by seeking mystery where probably none was intended. For example, a little poem called "The Snare" is dedicated to "A. E." Its matter takes the form of an address to a snared rabbit, and the versification is deft and skilful. On the latter ground the thing might have been written specially to "A. E.," who is himself a Dublin poet and journalist, but the story could easily be a parable, and one cannot help feeling that it

might refer to some passage between two friends. The last verse runs:

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare:
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere.

Following it is another in the same human vein. The picture of a caged bird's silent efforts to escape is photographically exact:

It ran without a sound, it tried,
In a busy, timid rage,
To escape from out the cage
By the edges and the side.

Blake's influence is most visible in the more ambitious poems. There is, for example, "Barbarians" with its pretty, pantheistic ending:

I am deaf and dumb and blind,
No reply can I invent
When a stream, a tree, a wind
Asks am I intelligent.

By the bye, we wonder why a scholarly poet joins the number of those who spoil a good word by lengthening the "i" in wind so as to make it rhyme with blind and mind. Surely it was made to be a rushing mighty and not a whining vocable!

In the way of his generation, Mr. Stephens is introspective. The old great poets, while interpreting all sorts and conditions of men to us, are silent about themselves, but the poet of to-day is busy chiefly with the first personal pronoun. That is absolutely true in regard to the most arresting sequence of poems in this volume. They proclaim that the author is sealed of the tribe of Blake, only he is a more searching and logical Blake. One, "The Twins," is very inferior to the others, and yet necessary to them. They are a confession and a profession, "I shelter love and hate like twin brothers in a nest." Two are under a general heading, "Waste Places." In one he is a naked man in a waste terrified by a lion from the land of the "Tiger Tiger Burning Bright"—

In the night he rises, and
He stretches forth, he snuffs the air,
He roars and leaps along the sand,
He creeps and watches everywhere.
His burning eyes, his eyes of bale,
Through the darkness I can see;
He lashes fiercely with his tail,
He would love to spring at me.

Then follows the mystic admission:

Night or day, whate'er befall,
I must walk that desert land,
Until I can dare to call
The lion out to lick my hand.

In No. 2 he is in a gloomy forest and forced to run every day beneath the demon trees.

There the demon held a maid
In his arms, and as she, daft,
Screamed again in fear he laid
His lips upon her lips and laughed.
And she beckoned me to run,
And she called for help to me.
And the ancient wrong was done
Which is done eternally.
I am the maiden and the fear,
I am the sunless shade, the strife,
I the demon lips, the sneer
Showing under every life.

Here, then, is something greater than cleverness. It is clear that Mr. James Stephens has not altogether escaped the influence of the Irish Movement, but it has not overwhelmed him. His barque still rides bravely above the flood, and we hope it will bring to port more books of verse like this.

The Titan, by Theodore Dreiser. (The Bodley Head.)

"DID you ever see that old buzzard flying around if there wasn't something dead in the woods?" That sentence, put into the mouth of a business man of Chicago, is in some sort an epitome of Mr. Dreiser's whole book. It is a very vivid description of extremely corrupt adventurers. It is rather like Chicago itself—unpleasant, but enthralling. Everybody who has been to the great city of the Middle West is glad to have seen it, though he will very likely hope that he may never see it again. The glitter of Michigan Avenue, with its tall houses and smart shops looking out on the lake, the turmoil of the Wheat-pit, the noise and blackness and strenuousness may be repulsive, but they are wonderfully exciting. Chicago has produced one book full of the very spirit of the place, in "The Pit," by the late Frank Norris; and Mr. Dreiser's book, though it has many more faults, has something of the same good qualities. Both men have been thrilled to the marrow by the romance of the place, by the sight of the whirling and naked wheels

of business, and so they can make the names of Dearborn Street and Lassalle Street sound thrilling and romantic in our ears. Norris' hero, Curtis Jadwin, was a colossus who cornered wheat, and when he went down, the crash of his fall echoed far and wide. Mr. Dreiser's Cowperwood, though infinitely more unscrupulous, is a man of somewhat similar mould, who attains dizzy heights and ultimately falls. He comes to Chicago in the early days of the eighties and sets to work, sometimes by ingenious and intricate manoeuvres and sometimes by open bribery, to acquire control of the various gas companies and railway companies of the city. It is all told in great detail: we know the prices of the various stocks, the exact amounts of the loans from this or that bank, and this thoroughly matter-of-fact method suits the story admirably. Great fortunes that are made in novels are too often shadowy and unconvincing, but we really do believe in Cowperwood and his "deals." The same method is adopted in regard to his hero's constant and sordid love affairs, but not, in this case, with quite such interesting results. As to practically all the characters of both sexes, it may be said, as of certain city fathers, that they are as "crooked as eels' teeth." They are almost uniformly detestable, not excepting Cowperwood, who is supposed to be fascinating; and we must confess to thinking that the privilege of being admitted to the inner shrine of Chicago society is a much over-rated one. But whatever we think of them all, we cannot help reading about them: they compel interest as surely as they do dislike.

Bernal Diaz Del Castillo, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Eveleigh Nash.)

BERNAL DIAZ was a Spanish soldier of the sixteenth century, who spent most of his life fighting against Indians in South America, and marched with Cortés to the conquest of Mexico. He survived countless fights and terrible hardships, and wrote in his old age a "History of the Conquest of New Spain." This work, of which the manuscript is still preserved at Guatemala, was not printed till 1632, and then with some omissions and alterations; the correct text was printed for the first time in 1904. There are several English translations. The present work is not a translation; the author translates many passages from the History, but his main object is to draw a portrait of the writer. Bernal Diaz had enjoyed little education. He felt abashed by his own ignorance of Latin, but he had some qualifications for writing which education could not have given and might have taken away. He had a memory which retained every detail of remote incidents. His narrative is vigorous and dramatic; it bears the stamp of truth, and is told in pure Castilian language, which has been compared with that of Cervantes. The conquest of Mexico was a marvellous feat of human courage and endurance. Diaz often insists upon a fact which one is apt to lose sight of—the exceedingly small numbers of the Spanish conquerors. They were careful to take priests with them, both to absolve the warriors and to baptise their captives, but they had no doctors and no medicines. So we read: "With the grease of a fat Indian, whom we had killed there, we dressed our wounds, for oil there was none" (page 79). Some at least of the horrors of war were more horrible than now.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham has an enthusiasm for his fine old Spaniard, and he writes with knowledge of Spanish and South America and horses. But he does much to spoil his book by his constant depreciation of Western peoples and modern times. A man has a right to a bee in his bonnet, and often writes the better for it, but Mr. Cunninghame Graham has a nest of hornets there. On page 123 he implies that to every young officer it is "tantalisng to bear a sword at your side, amongst a lot of 'niggers,' and not use it now and then"; and this view pervades the whole book. It is unfortunate that so able a man should be so wrong-headed and unjust.

Paris Waits, 1914, by M. E. Clarke. (Smith, Elder.)

MRS. CLARKE has written a document of charm and historical value. Her Parisian chronicles begin on August 8th and end with the end of the year. Seldom have five months offered so much material to an acute observer. When Germany declared war a summer slackness lay over Paris, but the mobilisation touched the race of Frenchmen to a new energy. She gives a heartening account of the prompt and steady mobilisation, the partings, the tears, but above all, the determination. All personal ambition, all personal grievances, have been swallowed up in that one great motive *La France*. Germany has met with many surprises during the war, but none can have been greater than to find the disorganised, emotional, unready France of 1870 transformed into a resolute, efficient nation "of one mind and one voice." It is a story begun in high hope which gave way to suspense and depression which culminated in September 3rd, 4th and 5th, when the alternative seemed to be a German entry into Paris or a siege. Then came the Battle of the Marne and reassurance. Mrs. Clarke writes well, and her book is sincere and most readable.

My Life, by Sir Hiram Maxim. (Methuen.)

SIR HIRAM MAXIM is a very remarkable man. That is an incontestable fact. He knows it and we know it, and he knows that we know that he knows it; so why in the world should there be any pretence of concealing it? It is on this good, sound principle that he has acted in writing his autobiography, and he is so simple and straightforward over it that, though we may occasionally smile, we do not in the least resent his attitude. "There never was another boy like you," "You're a d——d good-looking little chap, anyway"; these and other no doubt well deserved encomiums were passed on Sir Hiram in his youth, and he treasured them up in his mind and now sets them forth for our entertainment. When he was quite a small boy in the State of Maine, he thoughtfully pulled off the wings of a big bottle fly and observed, "This fly's wings are not put in even; if they had been they would both have pulled out at the same time." When he grew a little older and larger, he began to throw big men about as if they were ninepins. Growing a little older still, he began to invent gas-engines and automatic guns. He has always been working hard, with an intense relish for his work, always doing something noteworthy which other people could not do; and we enjoy this transparently candid account of his busy, useful and distinguished life.

PERE DAVID'S DEER AND THE CHILLINGHAM WILD CATTLE.

THE history of Père David's deer, as given in Mr. H. A. Bryden's article in COUNTRY LIFE of February 20th, is very interesting from the in-and-in breeding point of view, and the extracts which he quotes in your issue of March 6th from a letter from the Duchess of Bedford considerably augment that interest. All trace of the wild ancestry of these deer being lost in Chinese antiquity, it seems impossible even to guess at how long they may have been in-bred, but at any rate the fact is established that the period has been a very long one. Bearing in mind Darwin's belief (since shared by many others) that in-breeding tends towards variation, one might be tempted into speculation as to how far the unsymmetrical antlers, as displayed in your photographs of the Woburn herd, may be due to this cause; but there is another point to which, with your kind permission, I wished to call attention just now.

In her letter quoted, the Duchess of Bedford writes: "It is always said that if you can establish a stock (healthy) of 30, in-and-in breeding does not matter." It would be interesting if the origin of that belief could be traced, and any more light shed upon its efficiency. I happen to have seen a letter written by Darwin in 1862, to the then Earl of Tankerville, in reference to the famous herd of Chillingham wild cattle, in which, in order to counteract the effect of too much consanguinity, he strongly recommended that as far as possible the number of breeding cows should never be allowed to fall below twenty. From Storer's "Wild White Cattle of Great Britain" (page 121) the same advice seems to have been tendered by Professor Owen; but from one cause or another that high standard has scarcely ever been actually attained, although the cattle themselves happily have suffered no perceptible deterioration during the fifty-three years that have since passed.

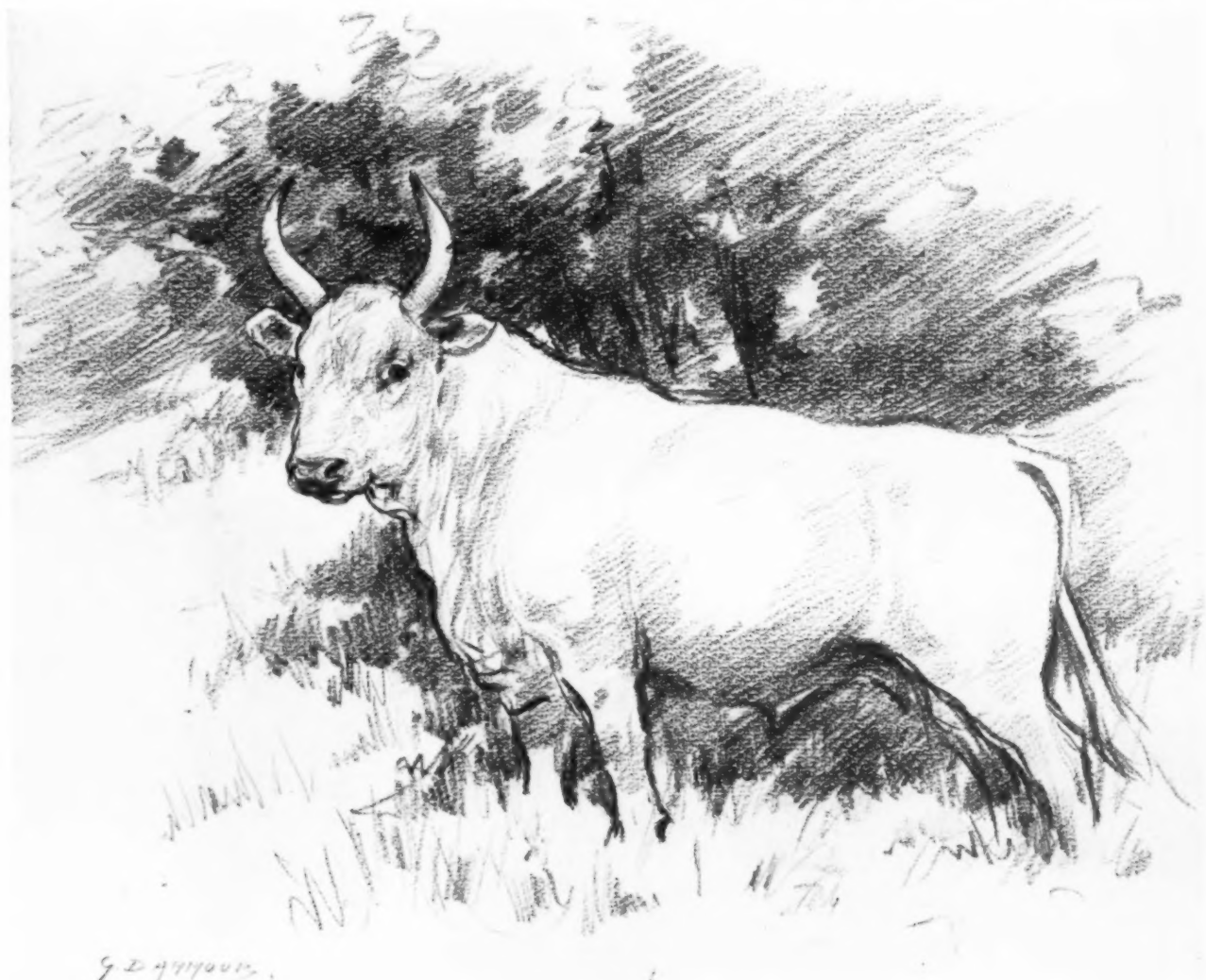
Notes made from time to time, show that, without taking any account of steers, the average numbers of the herd between 1861 and 1899 were: Bulls, 16; cows, 30; but this includes calves and animals of all ages. Turning to the table of births, which gives, perhaps, a better idea of the number of actually breeding cows, we find that the average yearly number of calves born over the same period was under 10, viz., 5'331 bulls and 4'398 cows, the average death rate among them,

while still under one year old, working out at less than 2½ per annum (bulls 1'416, cows 1'062).

In his account of 1838 ("Annals of Natural History," Vol. II, page 274) Mr. Hindmarsh estimated that the herd then included about 25 bulls and 40 cows; in 1753 the entire herd (including steers) comprised 37 animals; and in 1749 it consisted of 51 head. The earliest date at which any mention of numbers is made appears to be May, 1692, when the steward's book contains the oft-quoted reference to "My Lorde's 16 white wilde beasts" in the park, which probably represented the total breeding stock of that period. But a rather noteworthy occurrence took place somewhere towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the number of bulls having become reduced to three, two of which fought and killed one another and the survivor proved to be impotent, the continuance of the purity of the herd depended upon the lucky chance (which, fortunately, materialised) of one of the cows producing a male calf. Mr. Storer assigned the date of this accident to "about the year 1760 or soon after," but from a letter from John Bailey, then steward at Chillingham, dated February 22nd, 1793, it would appear to have been somewhat later. This letter runs: "In regard to the deficiency of the bulls, I shall only say that it was entirely owing to *inattention*, and that the breed were within a hair's breadth of being lost, which I think your Lordship, as well as every naturalist in the kingdom, would have very much regretted."

This letter is, at any rate, pretty strong evidence of the strictness with which the absolute purity of the blood of the herd was preserved at that date. There is, indeed, no real evidence of the introduction of fresh blood at any period. When or how the herd originated is as much wrapped up in the mists of eld as is the history of Père David's deer, but the tradition is doubtless correct which avers that it is directly descended from the ancient wild cattle which once roamed the country, and part of which were enclosed when the park was first walled in. There is some evidence that that event may have taken place about 1220 A.D.

Most authorities have agreed that the Chillingham herd represents the purest existing type of the original wild cattle of the country, and though they exhibit a sad diminution in



A CHILLINGHAM BULL.

size from the prehistoric remains of the *Bos primigenius*, they still retain, in miniature, most of the important characteristics of that breed; and in this connection it is interesting to note

that one of the largest pairs of horns preserved at Chillingham Castle belonged to a *cow*, and dates back to the sixteenth century.
GEORGE BOLAM.

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON'S KENNEL.

By A. Croxton Smith.



J. Packham.

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON'S COCKERS.

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IS the Labrador we know to-day really entitled to that name at all, or should he be the Newfoundland? This may seem a very foolish question to ask, but, after delving into numerous books of reference in the hope of gaining enlightenment, I must confess myself sorely puzzled.

At the first blush, considering that Labrador is on the mainland, somewhat north of Newfoundland, there seems no striking reason why the dogs of the two countries should be identical.

Meyrick, in his book published in 1861, says there were two varieties of Newfoundland, the Labrador or larger Newfoundland, and the real Newfoundland, a much smaller dog. The smaller, he mentioned, had shorter and less curly hair, his body was much more compact, and the best colour was black. Justice Haliburton, born in Nova Scotia in 1787, and better known to fame under his pen name of "Sam Slick," tells of two kinds of Newfoundlands, the short and the long haired, which even in his day were difficult to get in their purity. The retriever, Meyrick wrote, was made from a cross between the Newfoundland and either the setter or water spaniel. Youatt said: "Some of the true Newfoundland dogs have been brought to Europe and have been used as retrievers. They are principally valuable for the

fearless manner in which they will penetrate the thickest cover. They are comparatively small, but muscular, strong and generally black. A larger variety has been bred, and is now perfectly established. He is seldom used as a sporting dog, or for draught, but is admired on account of his stature and beauty, and the different colours with which he is often marked. Perhaps he is not quite so good-natured and manageable as the smaller variety, and yet it is not often that much fault can be found with him on this account."

Now let us take the evidence of two purely sporting writers, upon whose information, perhaps, the others quoted may have drawn. Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker, whose elaborate work on shooting came out in 1830, said: "Every canine brute that is nearly as big as a jackass, and as hairy as a bear, is denominated a fine Newfoundland dog. Very different, however, is both the proper Labrador and the St. John's breed of these animals; at least, many characteristic points are required to distinguish them. The one is very large, strong in limb, rough-haired, small in the head, and carries his tail very high. The other, by far the best for any kind of shooting, is oftener black than any other colour, and scarcely larger than a pointer. He is made rather long in the head and nose, pretty deep in the chest, very fine in the



J. Packham.

AT BALCOMBE PLACE.

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legs, has short or smooth hair, does not carry his tail so much curled as the other, and is extremely quick and active in running, swimming or fighting. The St. John's breed of these dogs is chiefly used on their native coast by fishermen. Their sense of smelling is scarcely to be credited; and their discrimination of scent in following a wounded pheasant through a whole covert full of game, or a pinioned wildfowl through a furze brake or a warren of rabbits, appears almost impossible. The real Newfoundland dog may be broken to any kind of shooting. For finding wounded game there is not his equal in the canine race; and he is a *sine quâ non* in the general pursuit of wildfowl. Poole was of late years the best place to buy Newfoundland dogs, either just imported or broken in; but now they have become much more scarce, owing (the sailors observe) to the strictness of these — tax-gatherers." General Hutchinson in 1847 followed in similar strains: "From education there are good retrievers of many breeds, but it is usually allowed that, as a general rule, the best land retrievers are bred from a cross between the setter and the Newfoundland, or the strong spaniel and the Newfoundland.

"I do not mean the heavy Labrador, whose weight and bulk is valued because it adds to his power of draught, nor the Newfoundland increased in size at Halifax and St. John's to suit the taste of the English purchaser—but the far slighter dog reared by the settlers on the coast, a dog that is quite as fond of water as of land, and which in almost the severest part of a North American winter will remain on the edge of a rock for hours together, watching intently for anything the passing waves may carry near him. Such a dog is highly prized. Without his aid the farmer would secure but few of the many

officially recognised, and she was also awarded a fourth prize and various certificates of merit at field trials. Before closing the historic survey it should be mentioned that the redoubtable Flapper was bred by Colonel C. L. Bates, D.S.O., who sold him as a puppy to Mr. A. M. Allgood, from whom Mr. Portal obtained him at the age of eighteen months. On the side of his sire, Stag, he goes back to Mr. Holland Hibbert's Munden Sybil, and on that of his dam, Betsy, to Kielder (1872).

In the last few years the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon has been a strong supporter of field trials, at which she has had a considerable measure of success, no one being keener or having a sounder appreciation of the merits of a genuine worker. Though the late Duke of Hamilton kept the variety many years ago, the present strain began *de novo* with the acquisition by Her Grace of a bitch called Juno from Mr. George Gordon of Wiltshire. It is believed that her grandmother was an imported dog.

Put to Flapper, some uncommonly good puppies resulted. In the first litter, whelped in April of 1907, there was Dungavel Phœbe, who as a puppy won first prize in the Western Counties field trials, advancing in 1909 to a first and championship at the Retriever trials. Juno herself, I should add, has been frequently placed, perhaps her chief performance being at the Kennel Club trials of 1908, when she was first. Dungavel Jet, a litter sister to Phœbe, won at the Horsham trials, as well as at the Kennel Club, when she was owned and handled by Mrs. Butter. In the second litter by Flapper was Dungavel Thor, a dog quite capable of winning in public, but he never had a real chance of being brought out at his best. Dungavel Dido, of the same lot, won in the Scottish Gamekeepers' Stake. Like



J. Packham.

A TEAM OF LABRADORS.

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wild ducks he shoots at certain seasons of the year." All this seems to point conclusively to the fact that the Labrador and Newfoundland of the present times have been wrongly named, although, of course, no one will have the temerity to suggest a transposition, since custom has given each a vested interest in his current style.

The strange thing is that with such an admirable animal, in every way suited to the task of bringing game to hand, already in being, sportsmen should have set about evolving the retriever, either flat-coated or curly, unless it was that the supply of lesser Newfoundlands became unequal to the demand. Adhering to accepted nomenclature, it is now a matter of history that the Labrador, shortly before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, had come into the possession of a few noblemen, who, quick to recognise his worth, spread his fame among their friends.

Most of those that got about in later years were descended from the Earl of Malmesbury's strain, or from the imported stock of the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Home. The majority of modern pedigrees contain the name of Kielder, a dog of considerable note in his day, owned by Sir R. Graham of Netherby. He was by Boatswain out of Nell. Though it is usual to associate the origin of the recent boom in Labradors with the remarkable field trial performances of Mr. Maurice Portal's great dog Flapper, it is only fair to recognise the part played by the Hon. A. Holland Hibbert, who for more than thirty years has devoted time and money towards improving and making known the breed. The pedigree of his Munden Single goes right back, through the Duke of Buccleuch's kennels, to Lord Malmesbury's Juno. She won the championship at the Kennel Club Show of 1904, a year after the variety had been

her mother, Juno, she was a very quick worker, with an excellent nose, and particularly clever on a winged bird. Swiftsure, another sister, went to the late Admiral Cradock, who was a rare good judge of a gundog, and she satisfied him as being a first-class worker. She scarcely had a full measure of luck at trials, never doing herself justice in public.

Among our illustrations of the dogs now housed at Balcombe Place, Sussex, will be seen some very useful looking Cocker spaniels, which are the property of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. All have been carefully selected from the best Cocker strains. The first bought was the bitch Neath of Avondale, by Trucman out of Treyew Violet. She has been a most consistent performer at trials, in 1909 winning first in non-winners and open stakes at the Spaniel Club, and receiving a certificate of merit at the Kennel Club meeting. Next year again she led in the open stake at the Spaniel Club, and was third at the Scottish Field Trial Association's spaniel trials. Sent to Betham Ben, in her first litter was Peter of Avondale, who has a good nose, is an excellent retriever and game finder, and is as near a perfect spaniel as one could wish to take out. He has been in the prize list at quite a number of meetings. His sister, Bessy of Avondale, has also run particularly well, and together they make an ideal brace. She has bred some handsome puppies to Rivington Rap, all of which retrieve well, and would have been entered for this season's trials if the war had not brought about a temporary cessation.

One word more about the Labradors. The Duchess has always found her strain most satisfactory workers, both in point of nose and tenderness of mouth. As most of them have lived a good deal in the house, it is only to be expected that they show considerable intelligence.

THE HALF-BRED SIRE.

[Though it would be possible to carry on the discussion for some time to come, we propose to publish next week a final selection from the large number of letters received.—ED.]

FROM MR. LLOYD PEASE.

SIR,—Everyone interested in the subject of breeding hunters must appreciate the great amount of time and trouble involved in the breeding experiments described by Mr. Hope Brooke. If I may venture, in the light of much less experience, to criticise, I would suggest that unless the scheme became widely popular, it would have little effect in influencing the supply of horses required, and that it is not likely to be popular among farmers to whom "a speedy light mare" is a useless mouth on the farm.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SUBSTANCE.

In my limited experience, it is remarkable what useful animals can be bred from quite small mares if only they have sufficient substance for their size, when sent to a thoroughbred horse. This question of substance or weight for height is a very important one; it implies a good, sound constitution, just as "weediness" may imply the opposite. Of course, if weeds are bred from, disappointments must be expected; but it is not clear why special steps should be taken to make use of this possibly naturally weak constituted class with questionable tempers.

THE CLEVELAND CROSS.

My own experience has been that handsome, upstanding horses can be bred from Cleveland mares to a thoroughbred horse. Out of four from one mare, one sold for £150 as a four year old, and, as I was informed, for four times that amount later, for use in the Row. Another took first at Islington as heavy-weight charger. They all were good hunters, but perhaps not quite so tough as those bred with another cross or two on the dam's side. Unfortunately there was no filly in that family. Only once have I used any sire but a thoroughbred; in this case a Norfolk cob. The stock produced by mating with a fairly well bred, wiry mare under 15h. was just the type of a thick-set, active horse, 15h. 2in., required for Army purposes. After twenty years of almost daily trap work he is quite clean in the legs, and fresh. He would have made an excellent hunter. I venture to think that both the officers' charger class and the general utility class of horse required by the Army can be bred from the breeding stock now available. Neither of these is the ideal type of hunter required to meet the general market, though useful for the Army. It seems to me that this class of horse can be produced with quite reasonable success by mating almost any mare that is sound and moves well with a good thoroughbred, so long as the mare has sufficient substance for her height. Everyone knows what substance and breeding will do, but, personally, I did not realise it fully till a daughter of the above mentioned mare, a registered polo pony, carried me, walking 14st., for two hours and ten minutes through one of the best of runs, and was fresh at the finish. She went to the horse when three years old. All her stock seem likely to grow to 15h. 3in. or 16h. The only one so far sold proved a good buy to the purchaser at £150.

HEIGHT NOT ALL IMPORTANT.

I mention this as pointing to the fact that size matters little in mating with a thoroughbred horse if the substance is in the mare. If you get small ones at times, they will be good ones. But by all means use the large brood mare in preference to the small if she has the essential stamina and action. It is difficult to secure size, say 16h. 2in., with quality, and if one has to be done without, there is no doubt in my mind which it should be, and for this reason any proposal that aims at introducing size by any other process than the slow one of increasing it *pari passu* with quality appears to be retrograde. The stock of possible brood mares in the country must have been improving during the last few years; but so long as there is no general interest in keeping them in the country and in using them, there is no chance of seeing the general improvement in the horse supply suitable for Army and hunting purposes which might be experienced.—EDWARD LLOYD PEASE.

BY MR. G. A. WILSON.

SIR,—If you want to breed a hunter up to 16st. to 20st., you may do so by putting a thoroughbred mare to a Shire or Clydesdale stallion, but you will not get a very speedy one. An old friend of mine, an experienced hunter breeder, tried this experiment. He put a mare, probably nearly thoroughbred, to a cart stallion, and at three years old sold the produce to a neighbour, a hunting man, a welter weight, a fine horseman and an adept with young horses.

BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.

I dined with him the night the horse came home, and saw a rough, undocked, chestnut gelding, three years old, with a tail down to his heels, which were very hairy, and a mane coarse as a door mat. My friend, the purchaser, soon altered all this, and nine months afterwards, docked, trimmed up and with perfect manners, he himself rode him at a show and won first prize as a weight-carrying four year old. So impressed with him was one of the judges that he reported his opinion to the late Sir Thomas Lennard, who gave £150 for him, and at that gentleman's sale, when all horses were ridden over obstacles, he made 350 guineas! I stood by the ring side with the breeder, and said, "What do you think of your cast-off now?" He replied, "He's a good horse on a bad day"—which exactly explained him. Of course, he meant that if hounds ran fast for forty-five minutes he would be miles behind, but on a bad scenting day, when they checked every few fields, he could keep close up and show off his jumping abilities to perfection. But if you want to breed the best of either hunters or Army horses for cavalry mounts (the one above named would do for heavy gun pulling), you must stick to the thoroughbred stallion.

I am writing from breeding experience, and not theory only. If suitable half-bred mares or light active cart-mares are mated to powerful thoroughbred stallions, you generally get something useful for one or the other of the above named classes, or a general utility animal. Nothing would induce me to use a half-bred stallion got by a cart-horse for any sort of mare. But strange things do occur in breeding.

SIRE OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE.

If the mare (as some people allege) is the great factor in the produce, how is it that a sire like Common seldom got a good animal? Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger Stakes, and sold to go to the stud for some 15,000 guineas, he was, during his first three or four seasons at the stud, patronised by the best mares in the kingdom. On the other hand, Wisdom, who could not win a race, was sold for 50 guineas. In his preliminary stud life he was scantily patronised, but with almost every kind of thoroughbred mare sent to him he was successful. By sheer merit he rose to be a fashionable sire at a fee of 250 guineas a mare, and filled with forty mares a season at that. I only quote these instances from memory and without any reference to guides, or I dare say I could find scores of other cases.—G. A. WILSON.

FROM A YORKSHIRE BREEDER.

SIR,—The opinions of some eminent authorities may well be quoted on the breeding of half-bred horses. Darwin writes as follows, which is but the experience of breeders in general: "If one, however, pairs these cross-breeds for a few consecutive generations, scarcely two of their progeny will be alike."

THE GERMAN VIEW.

Baron Von Oettingen, in his most instructive book, "Horse Breeding in Theory and Practice," which was the outcome of his vast experience in superintending the huge stud at Trakehnen, where thousands of brood mares passed under his observation and innumerable experiments were most carefully conducted, makes these shrewd observations: "The reversions to grand-parents are so frequent that a breeder who does not duly consider them will have many bitter experiences." While the opinion of the world-famous Oberland Stallmeister, H.E. Count Lehnendorff, which he has placed on record in his "Horse Breeding Recollections," may also be adduced in evidence of the value of the thoroughbred sire for producing half-bred stock: "The principal requisite in a good racehorse is soundness, again soundness, and nothing but soundness; and the object of the thoroughbred is to imbue the limbs, the constitution, and the nerves of the half-bred horse with that essential quality, and thereby enhance its capabilities."

THE RACECOURSE TEST.

"The thoroughbred can, however, only fulfil its mission provided the yearly produce be continually subjected to severe trials in public. The only appropriate test, proved by the experience of two centuries, is the racecourse. The last struggle for victory, in which culminates the exertion of the racer, results from the co-operation of the intellectual, the physical and the mechanical qualities of the horse, the development of which combined power is higher and more reliable than any that can be obtained in the same animal by any other means. . . . This it is which gives the English thoroughbred horse a value for breeding purposes unequalled, and looked for in vain, in any other species of animal creation."

"In the production of our half-breds it has become an absolute necessity to use thoroughbred stallions, not only for performances of a high order, but also that our cavalry horses may answer certain conditions and forms about make and shape, laid down in order to prevent their deterioration."

One more reference may be made to the doctrine of Baron Von Oettingen: "All half-bred horses of the old and new world, even the trotters, have by mingling with the thoroughbred produced the required steel in their breeds, which otherwise could not have been produced as well."—KITTIWAKE.

FROM OUR HUNTING CORRESPONDENT.

SIR,—The question of the half-bred sire is one to be decided by practical experience, as far as it goes, is entirely against cart blood in any shape or form. I am quite willing to grant that there may have been, and still are, instances of horses by a thoroughbred sire from a cart-mare, which have been first rate hunters and well able to stay. But such instances do not prove that you can raise a breed of them. My grandfather, who tried the cross, always used to say that while it sometimes succeeded in the first generation the good qualities were seldom transmitted. I find this opinion was very widely held among writers of the past generation. I believe most practical breeders would agree with it. Nevertheless, it is often tried, as the produce, if a success, is a very saleable animal; but, like the famous razors, he is made for sale, not use.

THREE PRACTICAL EXAMPLES.

May I give one or two instances? Some years ago when hunting in Lincolnshire I saw a dealer riding a smart looking brown horse. He looked a 14st. hunter. I wanted a horse, and agreed to try him. He pulled my arms out in the morning. In the afternoon he laid down with me. I knew his dam was a cart-mare. This horse proved a perfect flat-catcher; he was as good as you like to look at, but had no heart at all. The next horse of the kind I bought from a farmer. He was by a King's Premium sire out of a mare with cart blood. He looked like a steeplechase horse with a cart-horse's head. For twenty minutes he was a good horse, but after that he was no use. As our first whipper-in said, "Once he stops you find you've never no horse under you." The third was a brown mare, bred much in the same way as the first horse I referred to. She was the best of the three. A very good horse, as Nimrod used to say, "at the pace she could go." I rode her in a good provincial country, and she did well. She was a fine fencer.

In Leicestershire the pace beat her, and she fell at about the third or fourth in the hopeless way underbred horses do fall. The fact is, violent crosses of alien strain never answer. The possible outcrosses for hunters are first ponies. Nine-tenths of the best hunters not thoroughbred have one or more crosses of pony blood. An Eastern cross is sometimes good when it comes through the mare.

CLEVELANDS BREED TO TYPE.

But for size there is nothing like a good Cleveland bay or Yorkshire coach-horse mare, preferably the former. Here you have exactly the type of horse that is wanted—a horse with fairly long descent, breeding true to type, clean legged, with substance and power. Yorkshire hunters in their best days owed something to Cleveland bay mares, just as Devonshire hunters did to a type of horse very similar in many ways to the Cleveland bay, the Devonshire pack-horse. In these cases we have the cross to our hands, one which has been tested for generations. When I lived in the North, many years ago, I used to think that some of the Cleveland bays looked very like hunters. Indeed, I believe they were so ridden in the Cleveland Hunt. As to the coach-horses, most people owned some of the big bay horses from Yorkshire. We bred some excellent horses (hunters) from a Yorkshire carriage mare that had met with an accident. No doubt the Cleveland bay has Eastern blood somewhere in its pedigree, and, I suspect, a dash of thoroughbred too. These mares are thus not alien to the thoroughbred sires. There is not, and never will be, a better sire for hunters than a thoroughbred horse with good running blood in his veins. We all know this; why should we, then, look about for an animal which will take years to make, and may well not be as good as we have now? Can we do better as foundation principles of hunter breeding than the following: (1) Young mares (old mares are the curse of light horse breeding), (2) mature, sound stallions of winning blood, (3) a dash of pony blood in the mare if possible and (4) last, but not least, foals that are well done by in their first year.—X.

FROM LORD ILCHESTER'S AGENT.

SIR,—I think all stallions travelling should be thoroughbred, and that they might certainly be put to cart-mares and other half-bred mares too. I have seen very valuable and up to weight hunters bred from cart-mares; but I am of opinion all the sires should be clean bred.—P. L. ANGAS.

FROM MR. H. TOON.

SIR,—Anyone reading Mr. Hope Brooke's remarks carefully must at once come to the conclusion that they are from a man who has spent both time and money on horse breeding, and, judging from the looks of his two "rough diamonds," not altogether unsuccessfully. In one particular instance I feel inclined to differ with him, namely, in his choice of stallion.

A PREFERENCE FOR THE SHIRE CROSS.

From what I have seen of Clydesdales they are rather too long in the back, and I, personally, should prefer a Shire with the characteristics wanted, because I think the produce might be rather better on the loins and bolder in carriage. I have bred a few horses from likely cart-mares by some of our Premium thoroughbreds, but have never been very well pleased with the result. The only things in their favour are that they are generally big enough to take the side of a plough, make good vanners, and are always saleable at a certain price. I have known men who have bred some very valuable hunters in this way, but they have had the luck or good judgment to hit on the right horse for the right mare, and in my opinion this is the whole gist of the matter.

HUNTER BREEDING A RISKY BUSINESS.

The breeding of weight carrying hunters is a very risky business to advise the ordinary farmer to go into to any extent, and would not be to his advantage. Most of our Midland farmers are more or less breeders of Shires, and it would require considerable eloquence to make them believe hunter breeding would pay better. I have bred some very useful 13st. hunters from a mare 14h. 3in. high bought out of a Welsh drove, but she could gallop and jump herself, and was mated to a thoroughbred who was a first class hunter and winner of good steeplechases. These horses were good looking, about 15h. 2in. high, very handy, and tiptop jumpers. They were broken at home to saddle and harness at two years old, and were most of them sold as hunters at four or five years at about eighty guineas apiece. I know this is not a good price, but it is about all hunting men will pay a farmer, however big his horse may be. To my mind, now so many ladies hunt and most counties are so cramped by wire, this class of horse, if not overweighted, is the most enjoyable to ride, and does the least damage to land and fences. They are also a very useful stamp for military purposes, and at the present time this is a very important point.—H. TOON.

FROM MR. SANDERS SPENCER.

SIR,—Even if the views on horse breeding expressed by that well known authority, Mr. Hope Brooke, do not meet with general approval, they will be welcomed as tending to continue discussion on the very important question of providing a supply of remounts. Your note at the head of Mr. Hope Brooke's communication certainly voices the opinions of a very considerable number of those who have bred light horses and of those whose pleasure it has been to ride them. There are several most interesting points raised in Mr. Hope Brooke's notes. I pass over the quoted expression made by Mr. Lort Philips, that if you breed the right sort of horse it should pay with something like certainty. That is a truism. The question for discussion is, What are the right lines on which to proceed? It surely cannot suffice to trust to the Government to formulate a scheme for establishing a breed of hunters, if only for the simple reason that experience proves that a Governmental system of breeding any kind of stock has not hitherto proved to be successful in this country. The whole of our improved breeds of stock owe their great merits to private effort.

THE HUNTER SIRE.

Mr. Hope Brooke appears to be on safe ground when he objects to the use of the half-bred sires registered by the Hunters' Improvement Society on the little sharp mares which are so general in many districts. His main reason is stated to be that these half-bred sires are unreliable in that their produce are so variable. I would ask, Would not the use of the ordinary cart-horse stallions on these little sharp mares result in much the same thing, save that the occasional good quality colt would be missing? It is commonly considered that the result of mating the cart stallion with a little sharp mare would generally be a colt of the vanner type; one which might find its proper place as an artillery horse, but certainly not in the ranks of our present type of cavalry. Does not Mr. Hope Brooke advise the adoption of a system which he condemns in the use of so-called hunter sires, when he recommends that the good looking colts of the cart-light-mare cross should be saved for breeding purposes? Surely there would not be the slightest certainty as to the type of colt which would result from the mating of this mongrel sire with the haphazard bred little sharp mares. Objection is usually taken to the use of a male animal which is the produce of a pure bred sire and a dam of no particular breeding, on the plea that no one can definitely foretell the probable form and character of the resultant produce.

CONFIRMATION WANTED.

There seems to me to be, I will not say a want of sufficient clearness of thought, but of carelessness in expression in some parts of Mr. Hope Brooke's communication. Probably it was written, as is this letter being produced, in haste. He writes: "For weedy, light mares another and stouter type of horse is wanted. These can be got by very carefully chosen active cart-horses with short backs, deep chests and good shoulder movement which should be used on blood mares." Is not this, again, the use of something like the same type of hunter-bred sires or the use of a cross-bred sire which, when mated with light, weedy mares, might produce almost any type of a colt save a good one? Again, Mr. Hope Brooke assumes, because in the middle of the last century big cart-mares and a few cart-horses were introduced into Ireland, "that the big weight-carrying Irish hunter is raised from mares that have cart blood in them, introduced from the sire's side," but no evidence is given to confirm this statement. There are several other points in Mr. Hope Brooke's communication, especially his theory that the best way to cross is by using the non-pedigree sire, a theory in which I do not at present believe; but I have already exceeded the limits of a letter which is likely to find its way into the columns of COUNTRY LIFE.—SANDERS SPENCER.

FROM MR. JOHN HILL.

SIR,—In a previous letter I gave my experience with cart blood in hunter breeding. I now venture to describe the method by which weight-carrying characteristics can be obtained in other ways, and to show that a breed of hunters could be formed which would breed true to type. When the Hunters' Improvement Society was first established in 1886, the prejudice against any stallion which was not thoroughbred delayed the efforts of those who were working for this purpose for many years, and valuable time has been lost. "A Record" of hunter mares only was published, and it was not until 1903 that the Council yielded to the suggestion that the Record should be converted into a Stud Book. There have now been published six volumes, containing the pedigrees of stallions as well as mares bred under the conditions which were too strictly laid down to secure the registration of a sufficient number of suitable sires to make any impression on the breed. Without going into details, these restrictions have been considerably relaxed, and encouragement, in the shape of special classes and Premiums at the London Show, has been given to breeders, so that they would keep their best colts entire. Besides this, the Board of Agriculture gives Board Premiums for hunter-bred sires in addition to the King's Premiums.

EVOLVING THE HUNTER-BRED SIRE.

This shows that the hunter-bred sire is at last acknowledged as a prominent factor in the breeding of hunters and horses suitable for military purposes. I should like to say most emphatically that the fact of a stallion being bred on these lines is no sort of criterion of his being any better for the purpose than a light-weight thoroughbred, and probably not so good—unless he has substance and power capable of carrying weight. It is the stallion of the type of the not less than 14st. blood hunter that is required; it would be fatal policy to use any other. We see the sort of horse in the hunter gelding classes at the best shows, in the hunting field and on the steeplechase course. The trouble is, how to get breeders to keep their best colts for the stud. The great racing studs are, of course, the nurseries of the thoroughbreds used for hunter breeding, and there is a constant supply, but unfortunately the majority are altogether unsuitable. The difficulty is, how to get a sufficient number of registered hunter-bred stallions to make a mark on the breed. The same difficulty occurred in the breeding of polo ponies. This was to a great extent overcome by private liberality and enterprise. Cannot the same be done with regard to hunters? My contention proved to be correct in the case of polo ponies, and from my own experience, and from corroborative evidence, it seems to me to be equally conclusive that a breed of hunters could be formed which would breed true to type.

A SYNDICATE OF BREEDERS.

Some years ago I tried to form a syndicate to purchase a number of hunter colts, to be placed under the care of a responsible farmer, to be got into condition and exhibited as three year olds at the London Show. Of course, only those really suitable would be shown, as this scheme was intended as an object-lesson. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, this effort was never realised. Two years ago a very liberal offer, which afterwards unfortunately fell through, was made to the Advisory Council on Horse Breeding (of which I was then a member) for the encouragement of

judges in Ireland were invited to come over and give evidence on the value of the hunter-bred sire. One of these witnesses said: "I always look upon that as the best test of a half-bred stallion. What class of horse would he make if he were a gelding? Would he be a fourteen or fifteen stone hunter? If the answer is 'Yes,' he would be an extremely useful horse, and is the sort of horse which would be the most desirable horse, in the present circumstances, to encourage. . . . The Irish Department have worked on these lines for some years, with certainly a fair amount of success. If more had been put into the scheme to start with, *i.e.*, the initial purchase of the yearlings, it would have been more successful."

The same witness advocated the use of the old Irish breed as foundation hunter stock, as it was *entirely free of cart blood*. About 250 mares of this breed have been collected by the Irish Department to preserve and extend its usefulness in hunter breeding. Besides this, suitable stallions of the same class, in which there is no indication of cart blood, are also being used for the purpose. The particulars that were given by the other well known breeder who attended the same meeting are very important.

IRISH STALLION STATISTICS.

It may not be generally known that there are not more than 500 thoroughbred stallions available for hunter breeding in Ireland, and that there are no fewer than 2,256 stallions serving there! very many of these being used for the purpose. This is somewhat startling for those who are under the impression that Irish hunters, which have such a world wide reputation, are all got by thoroughbred stallions. A well known authority has made the following calculation that, excluding hackneys, Clydesdales and Shires, there are about 1,230 half bred stallions, or what are known in Ireland as "common stallions," and the natural result is that the vast majority of horses bred in Ireland are by this class of stallion. He goes on to say

that they are of "the type of the registered hunter stallion of the Hunters' Improvement Society."

SON KNOWN BY SIRE'S NAME.

If only the *correct pedigree* of our hunters could be advertised when offered for sale it would clear the air, and put the business on a sound basis, but owing to the prejudice against any but the clean thoroughbred sire, this is often suppressed or the entire colt dubbed with the name of his thoroughbred sire. For instance, in my own experience Young Steamer and Young Mayfly went locally by the names of their celebrated sires, The Steamer and Mayfly, and in this way the hunter-bred stallion gets no credit. Space will not allow me to go deeper into the subject in this letter, but if anyone requires information it can be readily supplied. In conclusion, I should like to say that I have bred and ridden horses by hunter-bred stallions, and I have never known a soft one. In years gone by, the county of Shropshire was even more well known as one of the best breeding grounds of the hunter. It was a proverb that if a horse could carry you well over Shropshire, it could do the same in any of the best countries in the Midlands, Cheshire or the shires. My well known stallion, Beggarman (25), Vol. I, by Outfit, whose dam was by Jordan, and whose granddam was a mare ridden by the huntsman in the Hurworth country, was up to 15st., and always got weight-carrying stock. I sold hunters by him at three figures as four year olds, out of the same mares that produced lightweight animals worth from £25 to £30 at the same age. Beggarman left such an impress upon his stock that all his good qualities came out in the second generation. The year he died he had 100 mares booked to him. This shows what value was set upon the blood. New Oswestry, Ellesmere, Young May Fly, Little Tommy and Young Steamer are well known half-bred or hunter-bred stallions that have left their mark in this district, and prove that a breed of hunters can be established.—JOHN HILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. S. F. EDGE ON PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read the story of Mr. Edge and his pigs with great interest. What I would like to know further is how long his experiment has been carried on, as systems of this kind often yield good results for a year or two only. But, at any rate, the method is one that would not do for my farm. It is a mixed holding of 600 odd acres, and I have always kept pigs because we have a little mill on the farm, and it pays to use up the offals from it in that way. My plan is to keep the sows and young pigs on an outlying bit of land till the latter are ready for fattening; then we bring them up to the yard near the mill. It was not originally built for pigs, but serves the purpose. There is a large square courtyard and sheds, originally built for cattle, all round. Plenty of straw is put in the courtyard that they may trample it into manure.

The plan is a rough and ready one. But pigs are not with me a main line, and I am content if they turn the mill offals into bacon at a fair profit. My opinion is that nobody can at present keep pigs at a profit if the food has to be bought for them. Then the land is all cropped close up to the hedges—there is not a yard in which I could turn a pig loose for an hour.—R. BROOKE, Gatehouse Farm.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember very well a letter written last year by Mr. S. F. Edge, in which he told us that he hoped within two years to be producing and selling about two or three thousand pigs per year, and he promised that costs and everything pertaining to same "I shall in due course make public." Many of us have been reminded of this by the very fascinating account he gives of his methods. Indeed, the story has made more than one of my acquaintances resolve there and then to start pig-keeping after Mr. Edge's style. But I hope before they do so he will set out the facts.—G. A.

"THE FISHERMAN-SCOUT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Since writing the article under the above heading, which appeared in your issue of the 6th inst., I see that Mr. J. Cathcart Wason, M.P., has suggested that the Government should take over the "hundreds of steam trawlers and drifters" which are "rusting" for want of use, fit them up with wireless apparatus and suitable guns and send them out to sink hostile submarines, at the same time giving a substantial bonus for every submarine sunk. It seems to me that in making this excellent suggestion Mr. Cathcart Wason displays a curious lack of knowledge of what has been going on in connection with the Admiralty and the fishing industry. At this time nearly everyone living at our principal fishing ports knows that quite one-half of the steam fishing vessels of the United Kingdom have been taken over by either the Admiralty or the military authorities, and that any considerable number of such vessels which could possibly be utilised by the Government are "rusting" in the harbours I very much doubt. It is no secret—for the fishermen's almanacks announce it—that when the war broke out the United Kingdom possessed about 3,750 first class steam and motor fishing vessels. In December, when a special appeal was made on behalf of the Mine-Sweepers' Fund, it was stated that about 10,000 men were employed on board mine-sweepers and patrol boats, and since then a large number of additional steam fishing vessels have been taken over by the naval authorities. When it is considered that nearly every un requisitioned steam trawler that can obtain a crew is still engaged in fishing, and that the Admiralty is still on the look out for drifters suited to their purposes, a little mental calculation should satisfy most people that not much "rusting" is going on.

As for the suggestion that steam trawlers and drifters should be fitted up with wireless apparatus and guns—well, the idea is a good one, but does Mr. Cathcart Wason imagine that it has never entered the minds of the naval Lords nor their advisers? Probably some of us have seen things Mr. Cathcart Wason has not seen nor heard of. Men who all their lives have had to do with fishing vessels are quite able to estimate their capabilities. They also know that, in time of war, a man who conceives a good idea may help the enemy rather than his own country if he announces it in the House of Commons or the Press instead of confiding it to the Admiralty. So far as fitting fishing vessels with wireless apparatus is concerned, it is safe to say that the naval men are well aware that during the last two or three years experiments have been made in the direction of providing steam trawlers with wireless installations, and that the results have been satisfactory.

As regards offering rewards to fishermen for capturing, destroying or aiding in the capture or destruction of hostile submarines, mine-layers or other war vessels, it is no secret that the Admiralty is quite as generous as the few private individuals who have offered rewards of £500 or £1,000 for such services. If anyone doubts it, he has only to look at the notice boards outside the Custom House at one of our principal fishing ports. It suffices to say that not only will the crew of any fishing vessel that sinks a submarine be handsomely rewarded, but they will be equally well rewarded if they supply information which directly leads to the capture or destruction of any hostile war vessel, including a mine-layer or submarine.—W. A. DUTT.

"THE GREAT IRON MURDERER MUCKLE MEG."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Such was the phrase applied in the Scottish Treasury accounts to the famous Scots gun Mons Meg, of which a photograph is sent by Mr. C. Inglis of Edinburgh. The name itself has grown so familiar to readers, that few people remember that Mons is the name of a town in Belgium, the same, in fact, from which the famous retreat was made at the beginning of the present war. In the fifteenth century it was noted for the skill of its Flemish artificers, and the best cannon in the world were made at Mons. Connected with this famous gun is a good deal of curious history, for it was used in many of the great raids or wars of Scotland. In 1497 it was at Norham when James IV determined to reduce the Bishop of Durham's castle. Mons Meg must have been to the artillery of those days what the Queen Elizabeth's 15in. guns are to that of our own time. She threw a stone ball of about 58in. in circumference, and from the places in which these balls have been found one would guess that she did not always succeed in getting the projectile as far as had been intended. In the Treasury accounts of Scotland there are many entries about Mons Meg which help us to understand how war was carried on in those times. The Lloyd George of that age had a simpler way of providing the funds. Every district was bound to send a certain number of men with the appropriate arms and provisions for twenty-one days, which did not mean any great weight. The Scottish soldier rode light, and could practically keep himself on the bag of oatmeal that was swung at his saddle, particularly if he had a griddle on the other side. Towns which did not want to join in an expedition could get out of it by paying what was called "spear silver." There are entries in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer which prove this. Thus, under date 1497, July 18th: "Received fra the community of the toune of Perth, for ane composition maid with thaim be the King, for leif to them to remain at hame fra the Raid of Norem"; and for July 24th: "License was giften to the toune of Dundee, to remane at hame, fra the host at this time, for the soume of 450 crowns of gold, giften be thaim

to the furth bringing of the King's artillery." It would appear that Sir Robert Ker, the master gunner, had to hire 100 labourers and five carpenters and smiths to attend exclusively to Mons Meg. She had a cradle or carriage, and canvas to cover her, as well as tows, or ropes, to draw her. When everything was ready for her departure she was towed down from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood, where the rest of the artillery was collected. Minstrels went in front playing music, the desired effect being perhaps to open the pockets of the liege subjects of the King, who was expected to pay for the artillery himself. But the nobility made contributions to help him in this. It is curious to note that in the summer of 1497, when James was travelling from Holyrood to the Border, he solaced himself on the way with strawberries and cherries. The "wif that brocht straberries to the King fra Dridene" got 14s., whereas "ane wif that brocht cheris to the King" got only 4s. One of the last entries relating to the siege was a payment "to ane man of Sir Robert Kerris, that brocht titithens to the King of the Inglismenn's coming." It will be remembered that Mons Meg was carried off to London after the '45, but returned to Edinburgh in the time of King George IV at the urgent request of Sir Walter Scott.—SCOTUS.

A BOTTLE-FED KITTEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Nimrod, the mother cat, was a mighty hunter. She kept the house and buildings clear of rats and mice and such small deer. She even emulated



THE FOUNDLING.

the prowess of the late Mr. Bunting, and on one occasion brought in five rabbits between breakfast and luncheon. She took her risks too, for once she returned, after four days' absence, with half a rabbit in her mouth, a wire snare tight round her neck and the wooden peg, which she had dug or pulled up, trailing behind her; and yet again, one Sunday morning she appeared on the kitchen doorstep with a steel trap, weighing 2lb. 10oz., fixed on her leg, dragging after her, like Marley's ghost, 18in. of clanking iron chain. However, as "in the history of the world the hunter gives place to



ENTRENCHMENTS ON THE EAST COAST.



MONS MEG.

the farmer," so it came about that Nimrod passed before advancing civilisation in the guise of the farmer's steel trap, leaving behind her an orphaned kitling wean, whose eyes had not yet opened on the kitchen world. The household set about the problem of feeding the orphan. At first the narrowest spoon obtainable—a marrow spoon—was tried, but the sustenance derived was too meagre. Next the master of the house was consulted, and suggested a rubber syphon from a glass of warm milk, but the flow was too rapid for the orphan's powers of absorption, and a flooded kitling prayed to be spared from her friends. Finally, the science master of the school was approached, and he produced a glass syringe with a small piece of rubber tubing on the nozzle, and the problem was solved. At present the household is engaged in acquiring the whole art and practice of lapping with a view to the next stage in the orphan's education, and book catalogues are being searched for works on "Mice, and How to Catch Them."—A. S. REID, Trinity College, Glenalmond.

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "M. C." in the issue of March 6th, there is a very useful French book on the medicinal value of plants, "La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville," published by the Librairie Audot, 62, Rue des Ecoles, Paris. It is several years since this address was given to me by a French cook we had, who had been accustomed to herbal remedies, and it may be no longer a publisher's, but on the chance I send it.—K. M.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although I have no knowledge of the medicinal virtues of St. John's wort, I have found it very useful in other ways, more especially for clothing a horrible clay bank, which baked like a brick in summertime, and where nothing would grow. For this purpose I used the large flowered variety, and now that the bank is covered it is a thing of beauty when the plant is in bloom, and cheerfully green all the year round.—M. O.

MILITARY ENTRENCHMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in reading Dr. Mackenzie's article on military entrenchments in your issue of the 6th inst., and in seeing the series of photographs and diagrams that accompanied the article. Of course, Dr. Mackenzie's name as a golf architect is very well known, and I have had the pleasure of playing on several of his North Country courses, especially Alwoodley. I send you with this a photograph I have just come across of entrenchments on the East Coast of England. These entrenchments may answer their purpose excellently well as a coast defence, but there is no possible comparison between the invisibility of these and those prepared by Dr. Mackenzie. I much hope you will carry these articles further.—M. H.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with great interest Dr. Mackenzie's article on "Entrenchments," which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on March 6th. With the views he puts forward I heartily agree, and I have been trying to instruct our own battalion in similar methods for some time past, ever since I was appointed their official instructor. I may add that I also have been connected with the "lay-out" of golf courses and am by profession an architect. As the ground placed at my disposal was very wet, I fully endorse the view that a shallow trench will usually prove to be the best. "Funk" holes can still be successfully made, and if the trench is very shallow a kneeling platform with revetted edge can be also added, while the drainage question becomes a comparatively simple problem. Perhaps Dr. Mackenzie may be persuaded

to give us still further advice on the matter, as much that can be published must still remain to be said and would prove of use to the large number of officers who read your excellent paper. The views put forward by the author are rather different to those issued officially, but are obviously very excellent, as, after seeing similar ideas executed under my supervision, both my Brigadier and Colonel congratulated me upon them.—LIEUTENANT.

A COMPREHENSIVE COBWEB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—They do things on a big scale "out West," generally on too big a scale to be photographed. But we can do a bit in that line in India also. How



SPIDERS' WORK.

about this for a fine thing in cobwebs?—the spiders that built this "hustled" somewhat.—S. M.

MICE AND PRIVET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There has been a special plague of field mice this year. They are particularly fond of the bark of hollies and retinosperas, which they attack every year with avidity, more particularly if they are wired round to keep off the rabbits. I think the reason for this is that the owls and kestrels cannot get at them inside the wire netting. I have noticed a few privets bitten by them; but I think they eat the privet bark as a medicine, in the same way that rabbits will often eat the bark of Scotch firs in the middle of the summer, when there is plenty of food. They do this to get the turpentine, which acts medicinally.—ARTHUR S. BOUCHER, Sharpcliffe Hall, Ipstones, North Staffordshire.

"LEGACY UNTO THEIR ISSUE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Yesterday I was in a picture frame shop, and the proprietor showed me an interesting business he had in hand, which was the framing of two of Princess Mary's Christmas gifts to the soldiers at the front. The men had sent them home to their wives. The articles were arranged each upon a green plush panel in this order, reading downwards—the pipe, the tobacco box, photograph of Princess, Christmas card, and on either side the cigarette boxes. One man had smoked all his but one, which he had left as a sample! The other man's had come home intact, the boxes unbroken and the cigarettes untouched. The frames were to be handsome gilt, with a glass over the whole. It made one realise how the men must prize the gift.—A. H.

TO KEEP SMALL POTATOES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—One of the lessons of the war is going to be the value of vegetable diet as an asset to daily food, especially when meat is found to be scarce and dear. In the large country gardens there is apt to be a good deal of waste of good vegetables during the summer time, and one hopes that this year

it may be checked. I send you a Danish recipe for keeping small potatoes, which are very often thrown away, and if kept in this fashion are most excellent eating in mid-winter, and anyone caring to put down a good supply will find them a welcome addition to the Christmas fare. They can hardly be told then to differ from freshly grown young potatoes. The method is as follows:

"To keep young potatoes.—In the middle of the potato season, late June or July, when the larger ones are being dug, take the small ones and put them into wide-mouthed glazed earthenware jars. Then cover them with a little earth and tie the jars down with canvas. Place on the top of the jars an inverted saucer to keep off the moisture. Then put the jars and saucers into the ground in a hole quite 9 in. from the surface; cover them up with earth, and leave them there till about Christmas time, when they should be dug up and eaten. The small potatoes should be put into the jars immediately they are first dug up."—H. A.C. PENRUDDOCKE.

AN OLD SUSSEX COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Those who remember your article on St. John's Priory, Poling, will be interested in the very typical ancient cottage on the opposite side of the lane a few yards away, which is now used as a studio. It is built of timber, and may well be of the sixteenth century, though it is said to have existed in some shape or form as a building from before the Norman Conquest; and from its foundations Roman bricks have been taken—no doubt borrowed in Saxon times from not far distant Roman ruins. The two photographs enclosed sufficiently attest its picturesqueness, but the history of its occupation is well-nigh incredible. The total length of the building is about thirty feet and its width twelve feet. It was originally



SUSSEX THATCH AND TIMBER.

divided into two rooms, about twenty-two feet and eight feet in length respectively. On the south side the roof is carried down to within twenty-one inches from the ground, and these two little additions gave tiny sculleries, each of about forty feet in area. Until the building of the East Preston Workhouse some fifty years ago this cottage was the "poor-house" of the district, a somewhat poignant commentary on the work of the Poor Law. This use of it was abandoned when the guardians took over the old house at West Hampnett. That was destroyed by fire some years ago, and none of the Elizabethan work remains save a buttressed garden wall of

thin red bricks. When the Poling cottage ceased to shelter the victims of the Poor Law, it was divided into two unequal parts! The larger was subdivided into two rooms, in which (incredible as it may seem) a family of eleven children was brought up. The other part, yielding the vast area of about a hundred square feet, served as the home of a married couple. This is a pretty record of housing conditions down to the close of the nineteenth century. Clearly the home of the rural labourer has been taken in hand none too soon. Preserved for its present uses as a studio, it is a peculiarly interesting record of the combined picturesqueness and squalor on which was built up the tradition of cottage planning three centuries ago.—F. S. A.



A COTTAGE BY ST. JOHN'S PRIORY, POLING.